The 42 Most Overrated and Underrated People in America

Plus: John Lennon · Greta Garbo · Italo Calvino
Expanded Book, Film and Record Reviews

Saturday Review

April 1985 $2.50

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Opera Singer
Julia Migenes-Johnson

The Story of a Reluctant Sex Symbol Who Says That Her Idea of Seduction Is Chocolate

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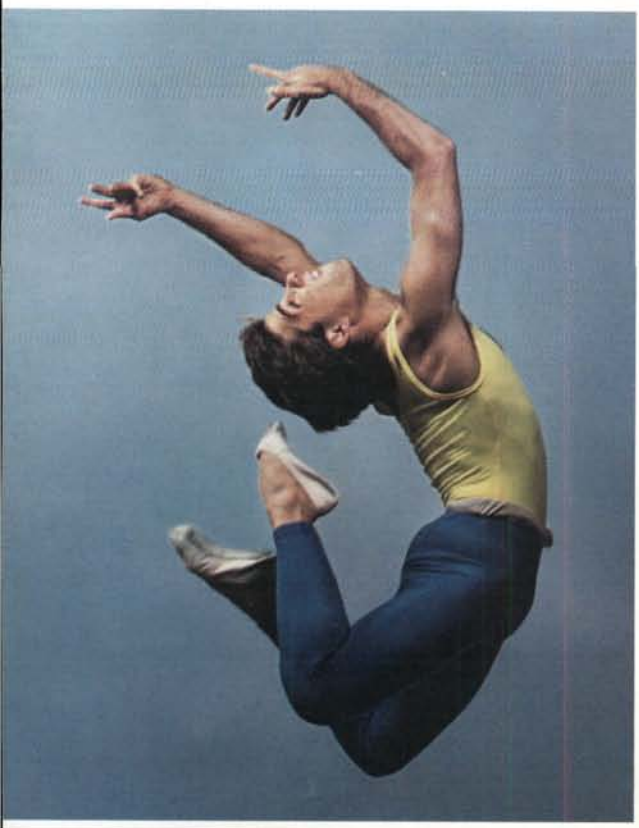
Johnny Apple se



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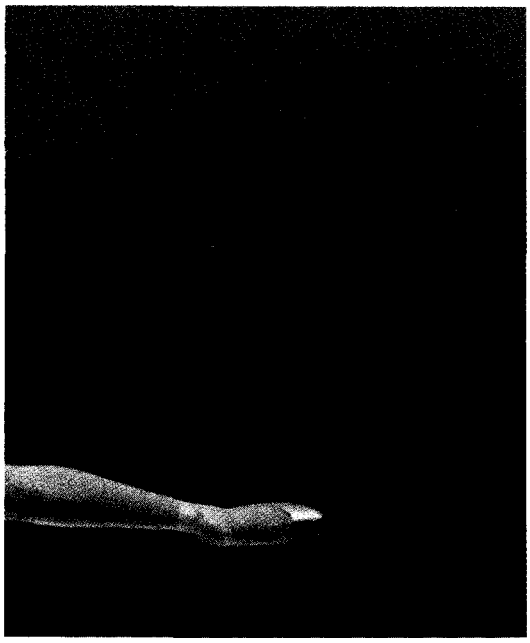
eds of the dance.



They leap, they prance, they twist and twirl. And by common consent of the cognoscenti, they do it with greater verve and versatility than any other ballet company in the country. Such critical plaudits please them but the applause that truly delights them comes from the folks who have never seen a ballet before and were sure they wouldn't like it. For the youthful members of The Joffrey Ballet are not merely one of the great ballet companies of the world but a unique group uniquely determined to spread the gospel of the dance. And over the past 29 years, they have carried their high-spirited message to more than 500 cities in 49 states.

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That's one reason we sponsored the current 7 city tour of The Joffrey Ballet, and in part their New York and Los Angeles seasons. We urge you to see it at the places and dates below. In our business as in yours, we need to be reminded that there is always fresh life in old forms and that the only way we can discover it is through individual imagination, individual innovativeness, individual creativity. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of these things is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

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(Top Left) Mark Goldweber in Gerald Arpino's "Trinity." (Bottom Left) Glenn Edgerton and Dawn Caccamo in John Cranko's "Romeo and Juliet." (Bottom Center) The Company in Gerald Arpino's "Jamboree." (Bottom Right) Patricia Miller in Frederick Ashton's "Illuminations." (Top Center) Dawn Caccamo in Gerald Arpino's "Confetti." © Philip Morris Inc 1985

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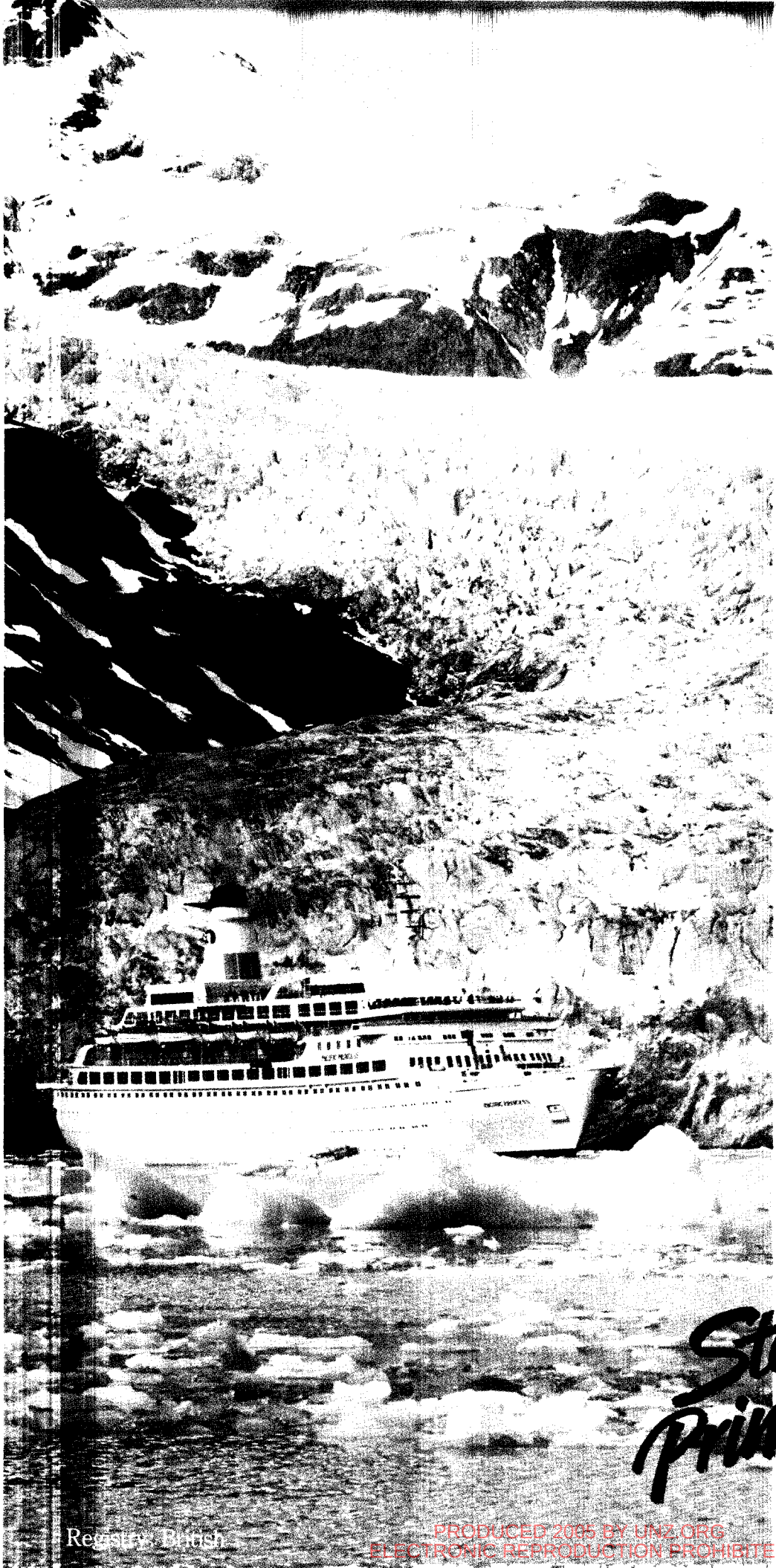

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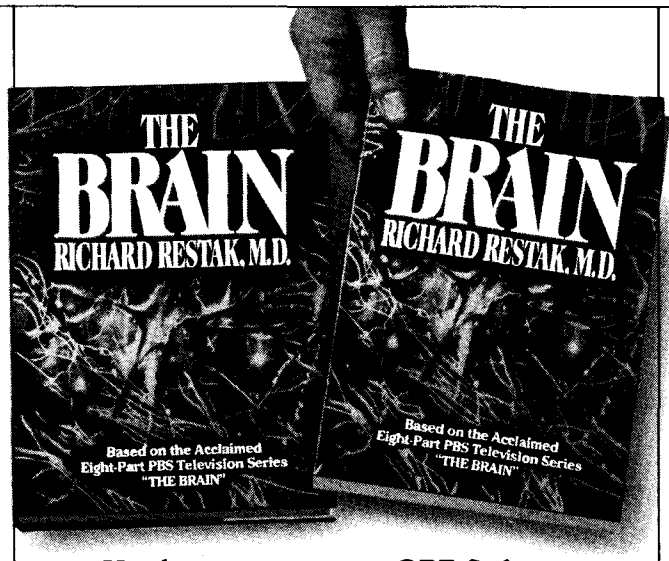
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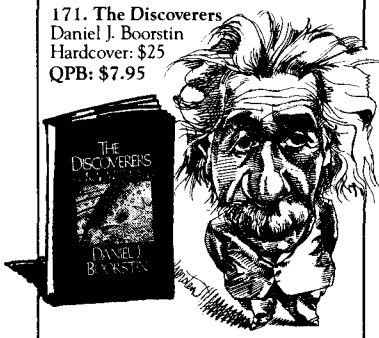

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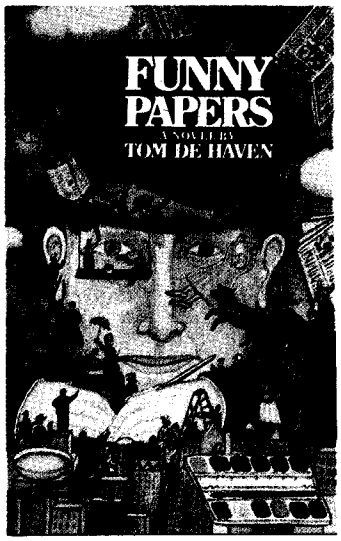
61 DeHaven, DeLillo, Dillard, Cowley, Oates, and Ullman are among the authors reviewed.



OUTLINE PRESS/GAIL HARVEY

31 The fickle finger of fate: some home truths of American hype. Today's overrated and underrated writers, performers and artists.

46 Greta Garbo (right) was one of Hollywood's greatest discoveries. After sixty years, the tragic Tinseltown tale of the girl they labeled "the second Garbo" comes to light.

12 This iron Japanese battle mask from the Edo period (1600-1868) is expected to bring as much as $15,000 when it is auctioned at Christie's in New York on March 20th. For further auction information and much more see Briefings.

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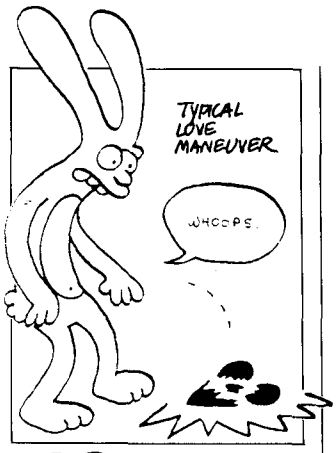
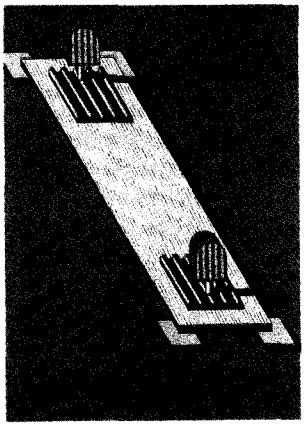


50 Life in L.A. inspired *Life in Hell*, the surreal cartoon world of Matt Groening.



"Fantastic but functional" is the hallmark of Memphis, an international group of artists with peculiar imaginations. **41**

26 The compelling sexuality of soprano Julia-Migenes Johnson as Carmen aroused movie-going audiences in America.

BARBRA WALZ

COVER PHOTO OF JULIA MIGENES-JOHNSON BY BARBRA WALZ. JOAN COLLINS AND JOHNNY CARSON BY OUTLINE; ALAN ALDA BY PHILLIPPE ŁEDRU / SYGMA.

Saturday Review

MARCH/APRIL 1985

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SATURDAY REVIEW (ISSN 0361-1655) is published bimonthly by SATURDAY REVIEW LIMITED PARTNERS, David L. Simpson II, Paul Dietrich, general partners at Suite 460, 214 Massachusetts Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002 (202) 547-1106. Subscription price in the U.S. and its possessions: one year—$16.00; two years—$30.00; three years—$44.00 (*Additional postage*: Canada and Pan Am—$5.00 per year; all other countries—$10.00 per year). Vol. 11, No. 2, March-April 1985. Back issues $2.50 each, plus $1.00 postage and handling. Second class postage paid at Washington, D.C. and at Merrifield, Virginia. POSTMASTER: Please send address changes to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, P.O. Box 10010, Des Moines, IA 50340.

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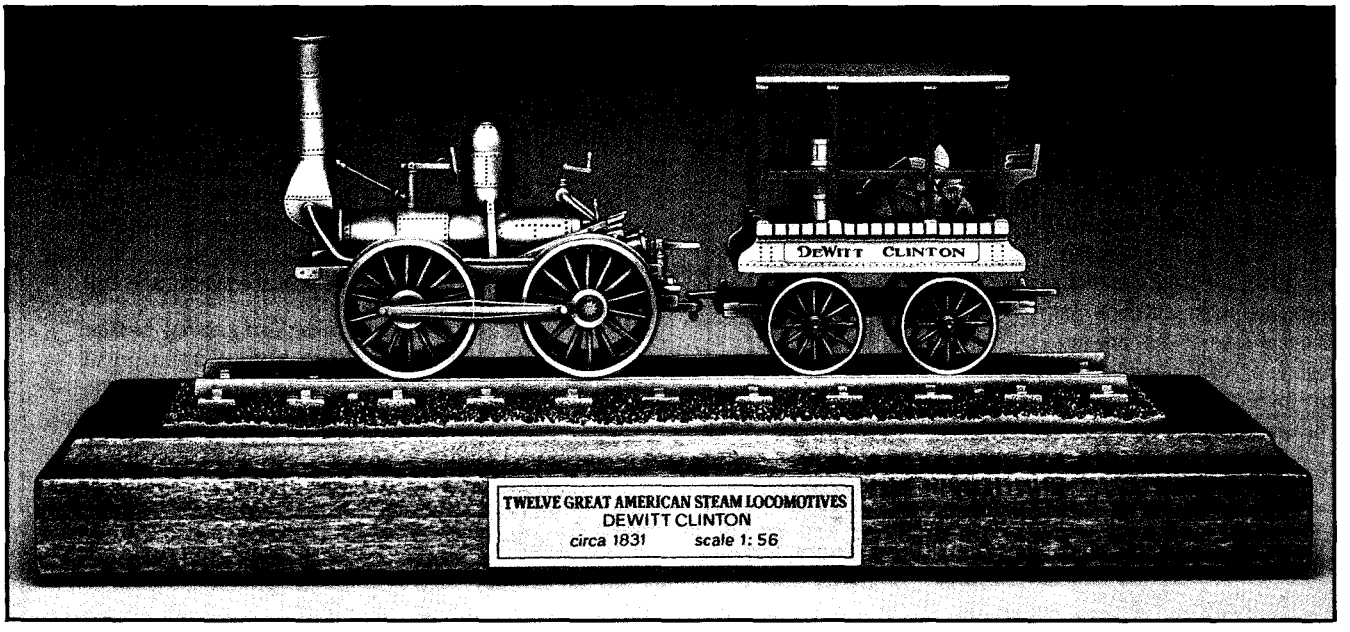

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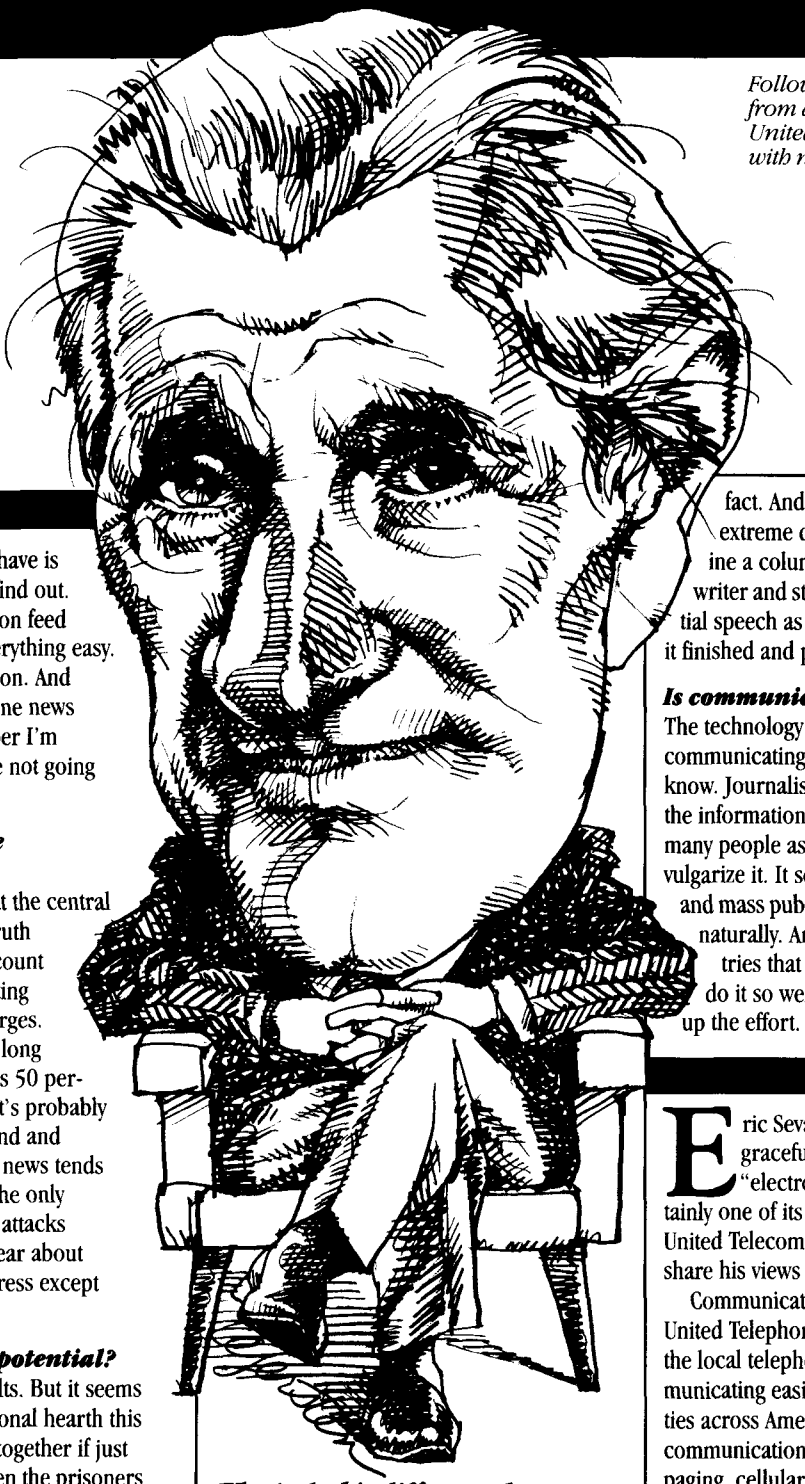
Does the public have the right to know? United Telecom asked Eric Sevareid.



Following are excerpts from an exclusive United Telecom interview with newsman Eric Sevareid.

What people have is the right to find out. You can't spoon feed them. You can't make everything easy. People have to pay attention. And when they listen to only one news program or read one paper I'm sorry for them but they're not going to be very well informed.

What's the role of the news media?

Walter Lippmann said that the central point is not that the full truth is revealed in any one account but that out of free reporting and discussion truth emerges. It takes time. And a fairly long attention span. If a story is 50 percent wrong the first day, it's probably 85 percent right the second and 99 percent the third. The news tends to correct itself. And it's the only institution that advertises attacks upon itself. How do we hear about the inadequacies of the press except through the press?

Is TV living up to its potential?

Television has a lot of faults. But it seems to be the only sort of national hearth this country has. It brings us together if just for brief moments: as when the prisoners came home from Vietnam or the hostages from Iran. And this is important because our greatest long term danger is fragmentation. Television has helped to supplant the principal means of communication, the oldest of all, word of mouth. And word of mouth is a treacherous thing.

What's the big difference between electronic and print journalism?

It's in this business of covering things live, publishing news as it happens. That's a quantum leap. Most people who criticize broadcasting don't seem to grasp this simple fact. And they don't appreciate the extreme difficulty of doing it well. Imagine a columnist willing to sit at his typewriter and start off a review of a presidential speech as the man is talking and having it finished and published instantaneously.

Is communication getting better?

The technology is better. But what are we communicating? Now there's so much to know. Journalists have to try to simplify so the information can be understood by as many people as possible. But you must not vulgarize it. It seems to me that mass media and mass public education go along rather naturally. And we're one of the few countries that have tried both. We may not do it so well but we must never give up the effort.

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BRIEFINGS

THE MASK BEHIND THE FACE

The mask no longer holds the power to terrorize and entertain in quite the way it did for centuries as a cultural icon. Beings that once suddenly emerged in the wearer—demon, fool, unwitting victim of the gods—seem to have vanished forever. In every false face was once the promise of other selves, larger than us and wonderfully magical. Gone, perhaps, is our capacity for belief, but not the aesthetic richness of the mask itself. In the late fifties and early sixties, a few artists rediscovered this non-traditional art form and again began creating masks in appreciation of abstract, primitive design. New York's Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris has gathered a collection of that contemporary work for an exhibit entitled "Modern Masks." Two works from that show appear here: Left, *Cob II* (1980), by Nancy Grossman; above, *Skull Mask III (Saul)* (1975), by Karl Wirsum.

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BRIEFINGS

WONDER THE VOLCANO

Along the west coast of South America lies what geologists term the "Pacific Ring of Fire"—a chain of active volcanos that have been brooding and exploding for thousands of years. Among them is Equador's noble Cotopaxi. It so captivated the imagination of American painter Frederic Edwin Church, who first saw it in 1853, that he painted this single mountain scores of times from a variety of angles. The Smithsonian Institution's Museum of American Art has brought together forty of his Cotopaxi paintings in a curious and fascinating exhibition entitled "Creation and Renewal" through July 14.

Church's interest in Cotopaxi was both scientific and aesthetic. He was hoping to help solve unknown riddles of vulcanography at a time when little was known about the earth's formation. In the process, the volcano became for him a symbol of the world's birth and decay, the moving, unseen hand of God. Church never actually saw Cotopaxi erupt. It's ironic that he missed the last major eruption—in 1880—by only two days. (Many still climb the 19,498-foot mountain every year, but it remains classified an active, dangerous volcano.)

Cotopaxi, *smoldering (1855)*

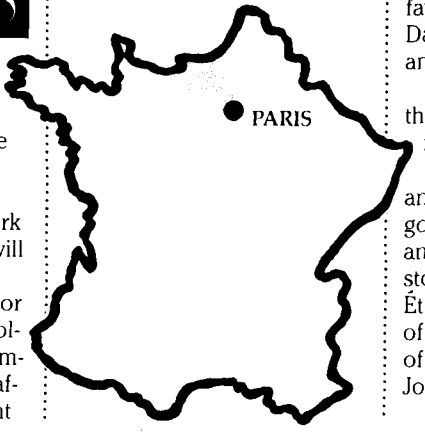
The book which complements this show is entitled *Creation and Renewal: Views of Cotopaxi by Fredric Edwin Church* (Smithsonian Press) by Katherine Manthorne. It provides an examination of Church's views on the scientific theories of his time, as well as an analysis of the developing artistic tastes for South American scenery among Church's contemporaries.

View of Cotopaxi *(1857)*

DESTINATIONS

FRENCH IMPRESSIONS

The landscapes may have changed slightly over the years, but the organizers of Art Trippers Ltd. of New York are sure the summer light will be just the same. They are putting together two tours for working artists which will follow the paths of the great Impressionist painters. It will afford the opportunity to paint today in spots that were once favorites of Monet, Cézanne, Daumier, Renoir, van Gogh and others.



The first tour, "Paint with the Impressionists in Normandy and Paris," departs from New York on July 29th and return on August 12th. It goes to such cities as Rouen and Jumièges, then makes stops by the huge cliffs of Étretat and the coastal town of Honfleur, often the subject of paintings by Seurat, Jongkind and Boudin.

"Paint with the Impressionists in Ile-de-France," July 17th through July 31st, visits towns like Vétheuil, Moret-Sur-Loing, and the Forest of Fontainebleau. The workshop planners have also arranged to allow their painters to work in Monet's much-loved gardens of Giverny after normal public visiting hours.

An art instructor will be along on both tours, each of which will be limited in size. For information contact Art Trippers, Lakeview Drive, Tompkins Cove, N.Y. 10986; (212) 581-8233.

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BRIEFINGS

ISLAND FOR SALE

The ultimate in peace and quiet can now be yours for just $2,250,000, according to Sotheby's International Realty. They would like you to consider purchasing their Three Sister's Island—fifteen acres of trees and wide, white beach surrounded by the blue waters of Florida's Gulf Coast.

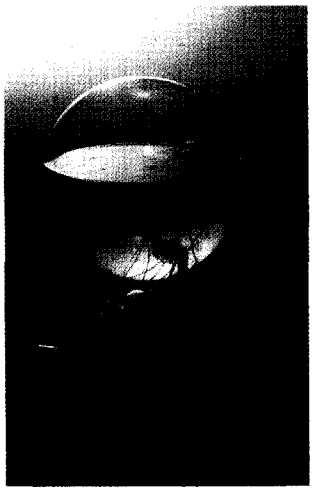
The island is connected by a causeway to Boca Grande, a resort area mid-way between Sarasota and Ft. Myers, where once the Astors, Morgans and DuPonts came to take in tarpon and tropical breezes. There are no buildings on the island—it is zoned for only two structures—but Sotheby's recommends the spot as ideal for "an exclusive year-round resort estate."

GLASS HOUSES

In the beginning, there were aquariums. Then, of course, terrariums. Now welcome the EcoSphere—a completely sealed small glass ball which contains a perfectly balanced combination of water, plant, animal and bacteria life. About the size of a softball, it is a living scale model of life on Earth.

Engineering and Research Assoc. of Tucson first recognized EcoSpheric possibilities after NASA years ago began testing enclosed systems for long space flights. Colorful ingredients such as green algae, Pacific shrimp and seawater combine with light to produce a cycle in which growth and decomposition provide the oxygen and nutrients necessary to maintain life.

The EcoSphere sells for $250, and is expected to go on living four or more years.



NO LOOS IS BAD NEWS

It was the kind of job that somebody had to do. Researchers at Purdue University's School of Consumer and Family Sciences recently surveyed 200 families and concluded that the more bathrooms a home has, the happier the inhabitants are likely to be.

According to environmental design specialist Marjorie Inman, lack of privacy is the vexation of people with only one bathroom. They tend to perceive their dwellings as noisy, crowded and depressing, while multi-loo families think of their homes as comfortable and spacious. The researchers believe that their results may explain why single bathroom families show signs of depression, indifference and general stress.

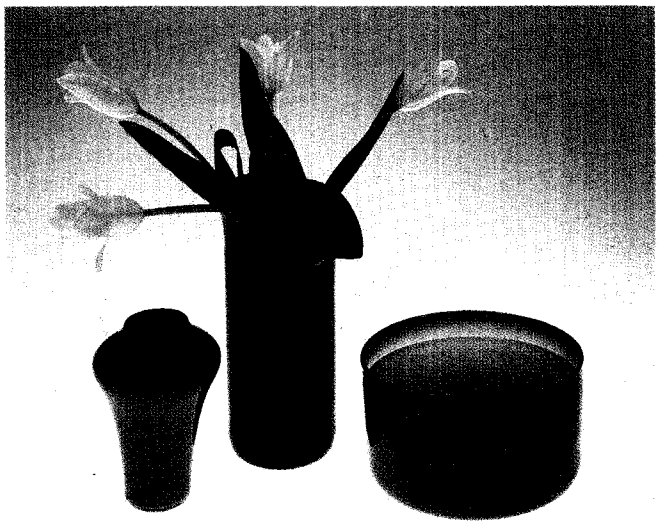
With the trend toward smaller houses, the survey warns, space planners are overlooking one of the most important rooms in the house. Further study is planned.

DISPARATE DESIGN

Sointu (pronounced *soyn-too*) is a Finnish word which means "harmony and balance." It is also the name of a small New York designer gallery selling some of the most curious and elegant modern gift items you are likely to find anywhere.

The company is the inspiration of Kipp Trafton, who recently launched a new catalog showcasing articles as diverse as stainless steel, lobster spearing forks ($18 a set) and polymer resin-coated lapel pins made of tiny—real—fish ($12 each). The major portion of Sointu's offerings are glass, leather, jewelry and porcelain crafts culled from designers all over the world. Some articles are specially created for the store, but products from firms like Braun and Alessi are also represented.

Trafton hand-picks pieces that appeal to his eye and functional sense rather than buying any one full line of products. There is a Sointu shop in the Baltimore Art Museum and other stores are planned for Chicago, Washington, D.C., Dallas and Los Angeles. Call (212) 570-9449 for information.



AMERICAN VIEWS OF VENICE

Around 1860, American artists began to discover the city of Venice. It started a love affair that was to last nearly sixty years. The Cleveland Museum will review that period with a look at the city as seen through the works of two dozen artists whose oil paintings, watercolors, etchings and pastels will be on display through April 21.

"Venice: The American View, 1860-1920" will focus mainly on John Singer Sargent, Maurice Prendergast and James McNeill Whistler, all of whom did some of their finest and most innovative work in Venice.

Square of St. Marco, *Maurice Prendergast (1899)*

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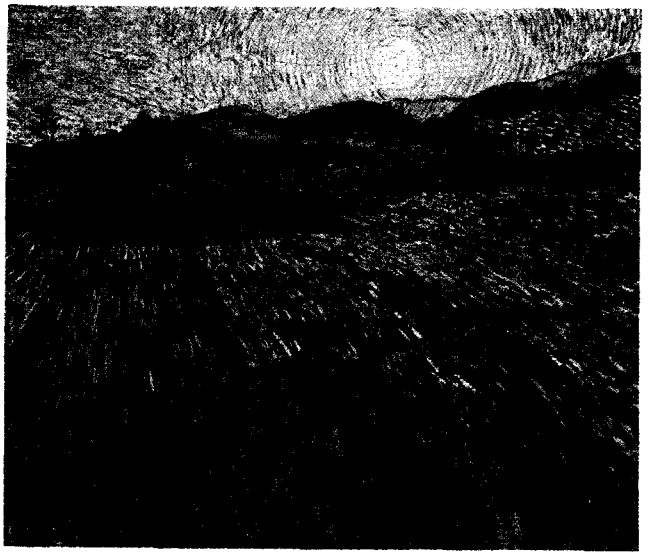
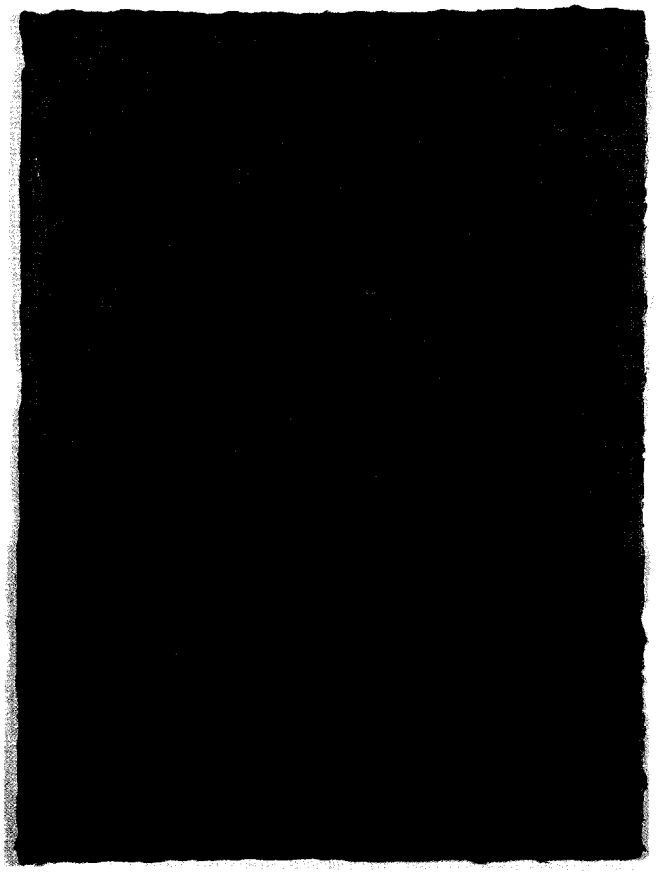
BRIEFINGS





AUCTION BLOCK

In 1889, Vincent van Gogh painted the scene from the window of the insane asylum to which he had been committed. *Landscape with Rising Sun, St. Remy* (above left) is expected to bring in excess of six million dollars when auctioned at Sotheby's as part of an Impressionist collection on April 24th.

Christie's expected one of Jean Cocteau's later works, *Profile of Orpheus* (above right), to bring no more than $1,500, but the drawing sold for more than $6,000. The lot from which it came totaled $223,993.

Mae West wore this 1900s-style black velvet evening gown (left) in the 1938 Paramount film *Every Day's a Holiday*. The dress and velvet hat brought $10,175 at Sotheby's.

The 1896 autograph score (below right) of the second movement of Gustav Mahler's Third Symphony—complete with the composer's detailed instructions to the performer—was recently auctioned at Sotheby's and brought a resounding $55,000. Originally thought to be lost, this is only one of three known drafts of the work.

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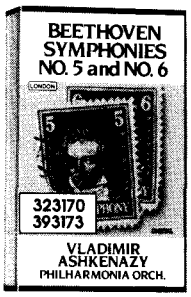
CLASSICS ON CASSETTES

326983. Bach: Organ Masterpieces—*Toccata & Fugue in D Minor,* etc. A. Newman (Sine Qua Non)

317081. Bach: Goldberg Variations—Glenn Gould *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)



319434. Bach: Sonatas for Viola De Gamba & Harpsichord—Yo-Yo Ma, cello; Ken. Cooper, harpsichord *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

328054. Bach's Tops—*Gavotte; Sleepers Awake;* more. Kapp, Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York (CBS)

329714. Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra; Dance Suite—Solti conducts Chicago Sym. *(Digital*—London)

273409. Beethoven: 3 Piano Sonatas—Moonlight, Appassionata, Pathetique. Horowitz, piano (Columbia)

252874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Chorale)—Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

325654-395657. Beethoven Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 5 (Emperor)—Brendel, piano (Counts as 2—Vox)

325274. Berg: Lulu Suite—also Schoenberg, Webern. Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Masterworks Portrait)

324780. Bolling: Suite For Cello and Jazz Piano—Yo-Yo Ma, Bolling (CBS)

263293. Bolling: Suite For Flute and Jazz Piano—Rampal, Bolling (Columbia)

330118. Brahms: String Quintets in F and G Major—Boston Sym. Chamber Players *(Digital*—Nonesuch)

328039. Brahms: Symphony No. 3; Haydn Variations—Mehta, New York Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

246843. Chopin: Mazurkas, Etudes, etc.—Vladimir Horowitz, piano (Columbia)

326439. Copland: Rodeo; Dance Symphony; El Salon Mexico; Fanfare for Common Man—Dorati, Detroit Sym. *(Digital*—London)

322826. Debussy: La Mer; Nocturnes—Michael Tilson Thomas, Philharmonia Orch *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

328401. Debussy: Sonata for Flute, Viola and Harp; Syrinx for Solo Flute—plus works by Ravel, Faure, etc. Orpheus Trio *(Digital*—Vanguard Audiophile)

321471. Gershwin: Piano Concerto in F; American in Paris; Rhapsody in Blue—Andre Previn and the London Symphony (Angel)

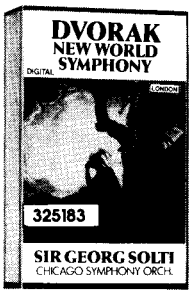
319004. Glass, Philip: The Photographer (CBS)

228684. Grieg: Peer Gynt Suites 1 and 2; Bizet: Carmen Suites—Leonard Bernstein and the New York Phil. (Columbia)

323543. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; Oboe Concertos 1-3—Karl Munchinger, Stuttgart Chamber Orch. *(Digital*—London)

329615. Handel: Water Music: Malgorie, La Grande Ecurie & la Chambre duRoy *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

257956. Haydn: Symphonies No. 101 (Clock) and **No. 103** (Drum Roll)—Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)



326561. Haydn: 3 Favorite Concertos—Cello in D (Yo-Yo Ma); Violin in C (Cho-Liang Lin); Trumpet in E Flat (Wynton Marsalis) (CBS Masterworks)

326272. Holst: The Planets—Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

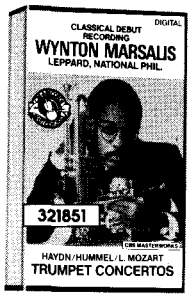
330126. Kodaly: Hary Janos Suite; Alfven: Swedish Rhapsody—Comissiona, Baltimore Symphony *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

321208. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 2,3,5; Mephisto Waltz—Willi Boskovksy, London Phil. (Angel)

314369. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Maazel, Orch. Nat'l de France (CBS Masterworks)

305730. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian); **Overtures**—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

294264. Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21 (Elvira Madigan) and **No. 17**—Ashkenazy plays, conducts Philharmonia Or. (London)



325365. Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Symph. No. 40—Casals, Marlboro Festival Orch. (CBS Portrait)

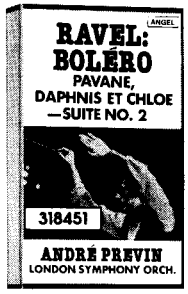
326975. Mozart: Violin Concerto No. 4; Adagio; Rondos—Zukerman plays, conducts St. Paul Chamber Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

309492. Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; Night On Bald Mountain—Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

310698. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne; Saint-Saens: Danse Macabre; Dukas: Sorcerer's Apprentice—Maazel, Orch. National de France (Columbia)

316406. Pachelbel Canon & Other Baroque Favorites Boyd Neel, Toronto Chamber Orch. *(Digital*—MMG)

318691. Prokofiev: Love For Three Oranges Suite; Lt. Kije Suite—Thomas, L.A. Phil. (CBS Masterworks)



245043. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2—Ashkenazy; Previn, London Sym. (London)

324533. Respighi: Feste Romane; Pines & Fountains Of Rome—Dutoit, Orch. de Montreal *(Digital*—London)

318436. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Svetlanov, London Symphony (Angel)

325100. Saint-Saens: Carnival of the Animals—also works by Debussy, Satie. Philip Jones Brass Ensemble *(Digital*–London)

314260. Salieri: Sinfonia Veneziana; more—Pesko, cond. (CBS Masterworks)

321729. Schubert: The Impromptus, Op. 90 & 142—Murray Perahia, piano *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

317677. Schubert: Symphony No. 8 (Unfinished); **Rosamunde Overture and Ballet Music**—von Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic (Angel)

324046. Shostakovich: Cello Concerto No. 1; Kabalevsky: Cello Conc. No. 1—Yo-Yo Ma, cello; Ormandy, Phila. Orch. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

225888. Smetana: Moldau, Bartered Bride Overture, Dances; etc.—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

310870-390872. Johann Strauss' Greatest Waltzes Ormandy, Szell, Bernstein (Counts as 2—Columbia)

202796. Richard Strauss: Also Sprach Zarathustra—Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

326405. Stravinsky: The Firebird (complete ballet)—Dohnanyi, Vienna Philharmonic *(Digital*—London)

281493. Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring. Zubin Mehta, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

326249. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Marche Slav; Romeo & Juliet—Bernstein (CBS Great Performances)

329169. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4—Lorin Maazel, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

231563. Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake and **Sleeping Beauty Ballet Suites**—Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia)

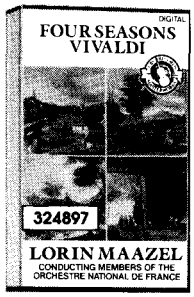
321844-391847. Verdi: La Traviata—Original Motion Picture Soundtrack. Stars Domingo, Stratas (Counts as 2—Elektra)

326447. Verdi: Overtures—*La Forza del Destino, I Vespri Siciliana, Nabucco,* etc. Chailly, National Philharmonic *(Digital*—London)

324525. An Isaac Stern Vivaldi Gala: Concertos For 2 and 3 Violins; etc. Stern, Zukerman, Perlman, others (CBS Masterworks)

323147. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring"—Sir Georg Solti, Chicago Sym. *(Digital*—London)

310086. Wagner: Overtures—*Flying Dutchman; Rienzi;* etc. Maazel, Philharmonia Orch. (Columbia)



325886. Liona Boyd—Live in Tokyo. Works by Dowland, Soler, Falla, etc. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

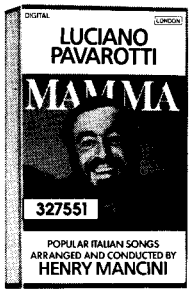
292003-392001. Curtain Raisers—World's Favorite Overtures. *Die Fledermaus; Carmen, William Tell;* etc. (Counts as 2—Columbia)

328856. Placido Domingo—Always in My Heart. Spanish songs by Lecuona: *Malaguena,* more (CBS)

326553. Placido Domingo—Great Love Scenes. With Kiri Te Kanawa, Ileana Cotrubas, Renata Scotto (CBS Masterworks)

322347. Marilyn Horne—Live At La Scala. Music by Granados, Handel, Copland, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

326595. Igor Kipnis—Music For The Kings Of France. Harpsichord suites by Marchand and Couperin (Nonesuch Silver Series)



326603. Ivan Moravec plays **Schumann & Brahms.** *Kinderszenen; Intermezzi;* more *(Digital*—Nonesuch)

326108. Mormon Tabernacle Choir—Faith Of Our Fathers. Traditional hymns *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

303453-393454. Pavarotti's Greatest Hits. Works by Bellini, Franck, Puccini, Schubert, Verdi, others (Counts as 2—London)

319582. Jean-Pierre Rampal Plays Scott Joplin. *The Entertainer,* etc. (CBS)

326397. Sutherland/Horne/Pavarotti—Live From Lincoln Center. A truly grand program *(Digital*—London)

320887. Kiri Te Kanawa—Verdi and Puccini Arias. Pritchard, London Phil. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

319848. Andre Watts—Live in Tokyo. Works by Ravel, Brahms, Debussy, Haydn, etc. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

329136. Waverly Consort—Sephardic Songs: songs by Gombert, de Victoria, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

320895. Portrait of John Williams—*Theme from "The Deerhunter"; Fool On The Hill,* etc. (CBS Masterworks)

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THE JOHN LENNON NOBODY KNEW

There are so many biographies of John Lennon it seems like anyone who's ever written about rock and roll has done one. I have. After you've read a dozen or so it becomes obvious that the facts we have about Lennon's life before he came to public attention with the Beatles could be condensed into a couple of tightly written paragraphs.

That's why a recently published two-volume biography, *John Winston Lennon* and *John Ono Lennon* (Sidgwick & Jackson, London), is so important. Writer Ray Coleman spends most of the first volume going into depth about the part of Lennon's life before anyone heard of him.

Like Lennon, Coleman is from Liverpool. He was the first music journalist introduced to the Beatles by their manager, Brian Epstein, when he wrote about the group in 1962 for the English music paper *Melody Maker*. The key to the detailed information Coleman has unearthed in this book, however, is that Lennon's first wife, Cynthia, collaborated with him. She has already written a biography, *A Twist of Lennon*, but Coleman got far more interesting material out of her. Through her, he gained access to sources previously unavailable to other writers. She also provided him with never-before-seen photographs, letters and sketches of Lennon's. The book is richly illustrated with private records that flesh out the image of a young, ambitious Lennon.

The book shows us the less attractive sides of Lennon, not in the form of the kind of character assassination made famous by Albert Goldman's books. Coleman reveals himself in a disclaimer: "As in any biography, the blemishes as well as the strengths in the man's behavior and character are reported here. He was brilliant, warm, tender, sensitive and generous. He was also infuriating, tough, aggressive, naive and woundingly abrasive. He bruised many victims, sometimes physically, often verbally. But even to have been tongue-lashed by Lennon was fame of a kind."

ALLAN TANNENBAUM

Coleman's Lennon shows his trademark wit and sardonic penchant for sick humor at an early age. At school, the young Lennon is depicted as ridiculing cripples and crudely insulting his classmates, traits that continued even when the Beatles began touring. "He was very sick," recalls singer Helen Shapiro, who toured with the Beatles, "especially if he saw a couple of nuns going by. He'd pull the crudest faces at them."

Always a complex personality, Lennon aroused some severe opinions from those who knew him early on. Michael Isaacson, who attended art college with him, comments, "I think if he had not become successful, he may well have become more than just a wayward bum. He may well have become a really nasty piece of work." Michael McCartney, Paul's brother, recounts: "When John came round to the house, as far as Dad was concerned it might just as well been the devil."

Cynthia explains, "He gave off the feeling that he was already battling through life at eighteen . . . those of us who loved him for his lunacy and his cutting remarks realized that inside John was a lot more than he was showing . . . but the people who realized he was destined to be either a giant or a bum, were few and far between in those days. Most people thought he was a dangerous, loud-mouthed, trouble-making layabout. He really needed his friends . . ."

Coleman relates the time spent covering the early stages of the Beatles' British success. The reader is situated backstage at concerts and on the tour bus between gigs, witnessing comic moments like the time Lennon speculated about cutting his soon-to-be-famous mop top. "I get such terrible dandruff, I think it'd be better if we cut it all off, nice and short. Think what that would do for the Beatles." We also are privy to the barbed exchanges between Lennon and McCartney. Although they were not necessarily vicious, the tension between them was evident. For example, Paul once exclaimed, "You're bad for my image!" John retorted, "You're soft. Shurrup and watch the telly like a good boy."

In the headiest days of "swinging London," Lennon held court in clubs like the Ad Lib. Coleman recounts the savage beating Lennon gave disc jockey Bob Woller after being accused of having a homosexual affair with Epstein, after Lennon had taken a private holiday in Spain with Epstein in order to consolidate his position as leader of the group. Coleman details Lennon's cruelty to Epstein as well, with an anecdote in which Lennon tells Epstein to title his autobiography *Queer Jew*.

It's good to see Lennon as a human being for a change, warts and all; in fact, it adds something to the legend. The second volume, which picks up Lennon's life as a public figure after the Beatles' initial success and his relationship with Yoko Ono began, is far less interesting because Coleman's intimate perspective on the younger Lennon doesn't contribute much to what's already known about that period of Lennon's life.

This biography will be published in America in April in one volume, *Lennon* (McGraw Hill, $19.95).

—John Swenson

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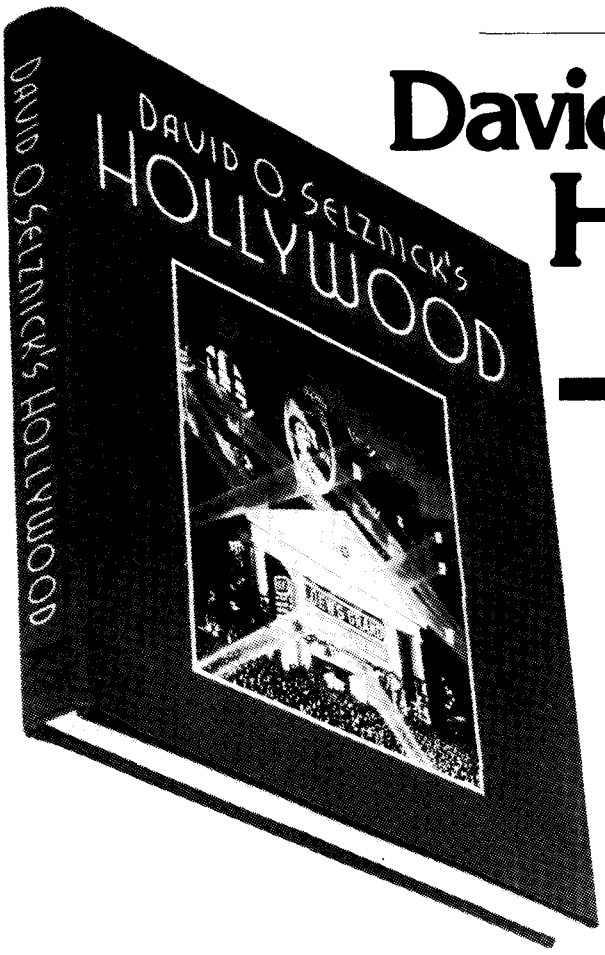

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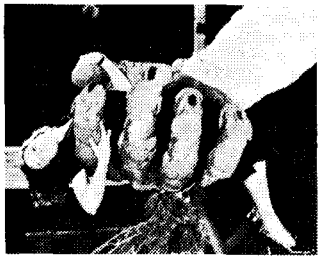

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BRIEFINGS

Gone but not forgotten: notice the likeness of the original androgenous look of Boy George and this Greek sculpture from the sixth century B.C.

BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

Our culture's evolution toward androgyny will help men and women break out of traditional stereotyped sex roles, allowing them to choose the characteristics with which they feel most comfortable. At least that is the optimistic view of Dr. Gregory W. Brock, director of the Marriage and Family Therapy Program at United States International University in San Diego.

But Dr. Brock adds that men will find it increasingly easier to acquire traditionally female traits—such as cross-dressing or wearing make-up—than women adopting male traits.

Brock points out that the popular androgynous women, such as Annie Lennox and Joan Jett, are still not getting as much attention as Michael Jackson and Boy George.

The reason, according to Brock, is that despite women's inroads, men still have greater autonomy in society. Even though women are engaging in more sports and are fighting for equal pay in the work force, parents are still bringing up their daughters like traditional "little girls."

"It's more common for boys to play with dolls today," Brock says. "That's no big issue anymore. And you'll probably see more androgynous men than women coming up because there are more social sanctions preventing women from being 'different.' Parents still think that 'boys will be boys' and let them get away with more—they are allowed more freedom to roam from home. Girls are still kept closer and are supervised more. They are expected to pay more attention to what's going on in the home, which makes it difficult for them to break out of the female stereotyped role."

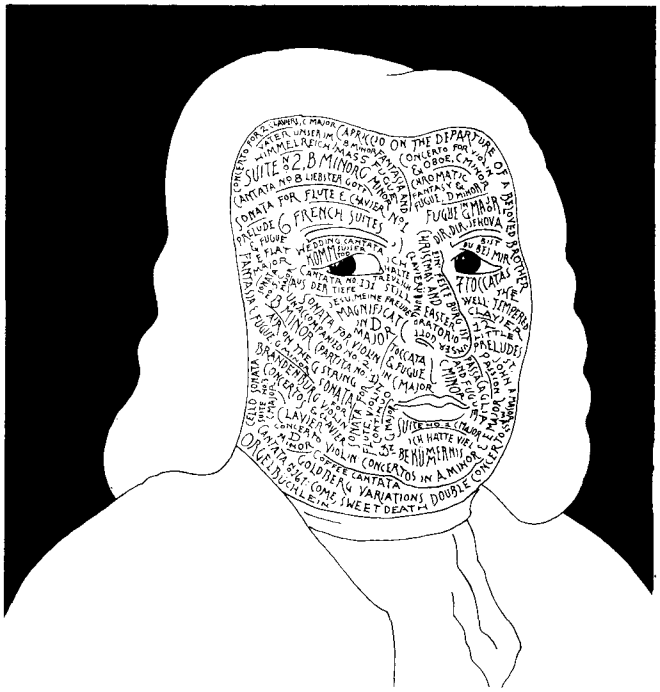
Society's acceptance of androgyny is a positive cultural development, according to Brock, who feels that unless the way girls are brought up is changed, they may not grow up to be as creative in sex roles as the boys. "Our future survival depends on our creativity," Brock says. "As our culture evolves, and we become a more service-oriented society, the question of sex roles will become more and more irrelevant. I think androgyny is very positive—we're going to need more deviation from the two-sex role scheme if our culture is to survive."

Brock feels that sexually ambiguous stars like Jackson, Lennox, George and Jett are attractive to young people, especially teens, because teens are uncertain about their own sexuality. "Parents fear the notion of androgyny because they see it as a unification of the male and female sex roles. It's actually the possibility of both sexes choosing from many roles," he says.

© STAN FELLERMAN

RINGSIDE SEATS

The late Rod Serling's gritty story of love's attempt to enter the hard world of professional prizefighting, *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, will open March 7th at the Martin Beck Theatre on Broadway. It will star John Lithgow as the punch-drunk Mountain McClintock and George Segal as his overbearing manager Maish Resnick. Maria Tucci plays Grace Miller, the woman who befriends the weary fighter.



HAPPY 300TH BIRTHDAY, HERR BACH

"Facing the Music" from *Happy Birthday, Bach*, a book of drawings and ideas by Seymour Chwast and Peter Schickele, Doubleday, $12.95.

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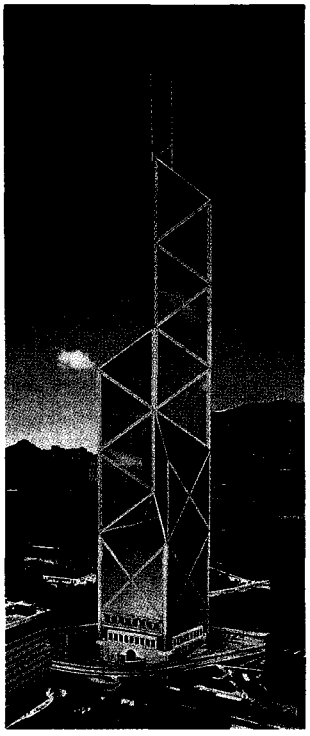
BRIEFINGS

LIQUID ASSETS

The Chinese have always been fascinated with paradox: To gain, it is sometimes said, one must yield. Such was the thinking, perhaps, when the Chinese approached American architect I.M. Pei in 1983 with a commission to design a new Bank of China Building for the British colony of Hong



I.M. PEI AND PARTNERS

Kong. "At that point the Chinese still hadn't officially announced they would be taking back Hong Kong in 1997," reports a member of the design team. "The building, which will be completed in 1988, was to be a benign symbol of their presence, a show of good will. They choose I.M. because they wanted a totally modern structure that would fit in sympathetically with the entrepreneurial spirit of Hong Kong. It was a way of saying, 'we have arrived to meet your sense of reality, rather than imposing our own.' "

Not surprisingly, Pei and his partners took the challenge one step further. Though the elegant seventy-story tower sheathed in shimmering heat-reflective glass is unquestionably modern, Pei looked to classical Chinese philosophy and iconography for inspiration. "A group of us were tossing metaphors around the dinner table one night and someone mentioned bamboo after spring rain." To the Chinese, bamboo is a symbol of revitalization and hope. After rain, bamboo grows miraculously fast. New shoots literally replace the old within hours. The image of a sectioned trunk, propelled ever higher, seemed a perfect metaphorical description for the Chinese modernization process now under way. But how could this be conveyed in a building?

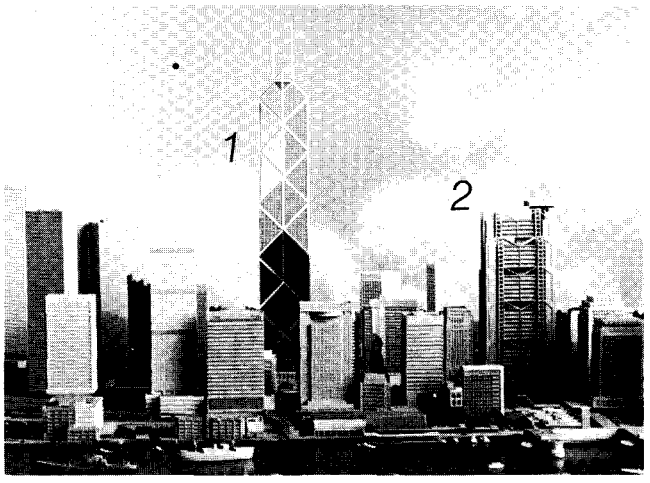
The solution came a few months later. Pei emerged from his office one day with a bundle of four triangular prisms arranged at graduated heights. By playing with the proportions, he was gradually able to arrive at a structure akin not only to bamboo, but a magnificent, multi-faceted rock crystal.

Further refinements, of course, followed. A square base clad in two shades of grey Italian granite was added to give the main banking floor a sense of dignity and weight. At the center of the hall, a glass-enclosed atrium soaring thirteen storys high was designed to provide natural light, as well as visual access to the working floors within. The only remaining problem was the site. Though nestled among the rugged Hong Kong hills, with an expansive view of the harbor, it was girded on all sides by superhighways. The noise factor was potentially disasterous.

Pei again turned to classical sources. This time to those elements integral to the traditional Chinese garden: stone, vegetation, and, more importantly, water. His intention was not to imitate, however, but to reinterpret the tradition within a contemporary and utilitarian context. "We started by thinking of the building's base as a huge boulder that had fallen from the hills," a colleague explains. "We would then carve into this chunk of stone to create a garden." Pei also knew he wanted moving water surrounding the site, not only for its reflective qualities, but to mask the sound of the highways. He designed a grid of granite triangles, at the head of which is a waterfall, which will send swirling streams rushing through the grid of rocks. Some of these triangles are small as stepping stones. Others are large, with rocks piled upon them or planted with graceful stands of bamboo, pine and quince—the idea being to create microcosms of vegetation rising from the stream. Pei envisioned these granite islands as extensions of the building's geometry, as rising from the water on the same triangular grid. "There is an ancient Chinese proverb that speaks of the lotus rising from the muddy bottom of the pond to flower pure and unscathed on the water's surface. We wanted the building to have this same quality about it."

Were there other reasons for choosing water to surround the site? "In Chinese philosophy, water carries the power of immortality. It can wash away evil and thus is considered benevolent. It symbolizes life, and, perhaps ironically, good fortune and wealth."

—Andrea Barnet



TOPPING THE COMPETITION

The Bank of China building (1) will tower more than twenty stories over the showpiece building (2) of its chief capitalist rival, the Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corporation. The forty-three-floor Hong Kong Bank building, scheduled for completion in November, will be one of the world's most expensive office buildings, with cost estimates currently running from $650 million to $1.1 billion. British architect Norman Foster's futuristic design includes: a radical steel frame system that allows the floors to "hang" from eight towers on the outside of the building; two-story reception areas on the 11th, 20th, 28th, 35th and 41st floors dividing the building into five zones; floors made of removable panels under which run the air conditioning, power, telephone and telecommunications systems; and special cars that move papers along a vertical track through the building.

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GIVING BIRTH

Sixteen years ago she was Judy Gerowitz, a graduate of UCLA's fine arts program and soon-to-be radical feminist. Today her name is Judy Chicago and she is the inspiration behind what is perhaps the most ambitious women's art project ever undertaken: "The Birth Project." It is a collection of more than a hundred of Chicago's designs, completed in color by women throughout the country in a variety of styles including needlepoint, embroidery, crochet, batik and beadwork. A major sampling, "Images of Birth and Creation," will be on view through April 7th at the UCLA Frederick Wight Art Gallery.

Chicago first began work on "The Birth Project" in 1980 as a way of exploring childbirth and creation, themes she felt were often ignored in Western art. If men had babies, she once declared, there would be thousands of images of them in labor.

Pictured from the exhibition are *Earth Birth* (below), quilting over airbrushed fabric, and *Myth Quilt* (above), quilting, appliqué and embroidery on fabric. The Los Angeles show will also include a documented history of the project.

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BRIEFINGS

ON THE AIR

WALLENBERG

If ever a project seemed well-suited to the talents of three-time Golden Globe Award-winner Richard Chamberlain, it is his upcoming miniseries role as Raoul Wallenberg, the legendary Swedish diplomat responsible for saving thousands of Hungarian Jews from Nazi extermination during World War II.

The four-hour drama titled "Wallenberg: A Hero's Story" airs April 8th and 9th on NBC, and focuses on the final year of the war in which the American-educated Wallenberg used brash tactics to foil the Germans. In July of 1944, at the behest of the Swedish and American governments, Wallenberg went to Budapest under the bogus title of "attaché," where he established safe-houses, bribed officials and issued hundreds of temporary Swedish passports when Adolf Eichmann's SS was closing in on Jewish ghettos. It is still unclear just why Wallenberg was arrested when the Russians entered the city in 1945 and was eventually taken to the Soviet Union. They insist he died there in prison in 1947, but there have been several unconfirmed sightings of the diplomat in the Gulag since that time.

Credit for bringing the Wallenberg story to the screen goes to Paramount producer Dick Berg and NBC executive Susan Baerwald. The pair continued to push the project when other outlets found it difficult to fund, or simply dismissed it as uninteresting to the important teenage audience.

ALL FOR LOVE

The late Scottish wag Lord James Dewar once wrote, "Love is an ocean of emotions entirely surrounded by expenses." Public Broadcasting's "Masterpiece Theatre" will offer proof of that beginning March 31 when it premieres the first of five stories by five writers in a new series called "All for Love." This collection of dramatizations about the intricacies of love lost and love found will feature such actors as Alec McCowen, Joan Plowright, Geraldine McEwan and Frank Finlay.

The series starts with writer Elizabeth Taylor's "A Dedicated Man." Two stories from Rumer Godden follow, "Mona" (April 7) and "L'Elegance" (April 14). The final two dramatizations are Susan Hill's "A Bit of Singing and Dancing" (April 21) and "Letting the Birds Go Free" by Philip Oakes (April 28).

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Who would dare challenge the wiry, witty and (some say) definitive character of Sherlock Holmes that Basil Rathbone created for the movies more than forty years ago? Beginning March 14, the PBS series "MYSTERY!" will present the first of its thirteen-part "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" starring Jeremy Brett as Britain's most renowned sleuth.

Waxen war-horse of the macabre Vincent Price hosts the forty-seven hour adaptation of Arthur Conan Doyle's Victorian-era stories. But don't let that scare you off. Critics have so far suggested that Brett's subtle and charming performance as Holmes may be the finest interpretation of the character ever to be put on film. He is a veteran of Mobil's "Masterpiece Theatre" ("The Good Soldier," "On Approval"), as is screenwriter John Hawkesworth, who has been responsible for such acclaimed series as "Upstairs, Downstairs," "The Duchess of Duke Street" and "Flame Trees of Thika."

Holmes and Dr. Watson (David Burke) begin their adventures with "The Solitary Cyclist." Among other episodes to follow are: "The Crooked Man," "The Norwood Builder," "The Copper Beaches" and "The Final Problem."

NANCY ELLISON

Tess Harper, who starred opposite Robert Duvall in Tender Mercies, *plays a lawyer challenging the ethics of television news when Showtime premieres "Reckless Disregard" on March 17th. The movie will be repeated throughout the month.*

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BRIEFINGS

TALK TO ME

The push-button society could already be on the way out. Audec Corp. of New Jersey has just introduced a telephone which automatically dials the number you want by recognizing your voice.

The Command Dialer II, which works with either pulse or dial type phones, matches words with pre-programmed electronic signals. A voice command assigns up to sixteen phone numbers a corresponding name or code word. And it can remember as many as thirty digits.

For about $200, you can now call your mother simply by saying "Mom" into the receiver. The manufacturer also recommends "Fire!" as a handy word to remember.

KISS AND TELL

Consider these entries from Danny Biederman's new collection of facts and tidbits about the art of smooching called *The Book of Kisses*:

—The average female in the U.S. kisses seventy-nine men before she gets married.

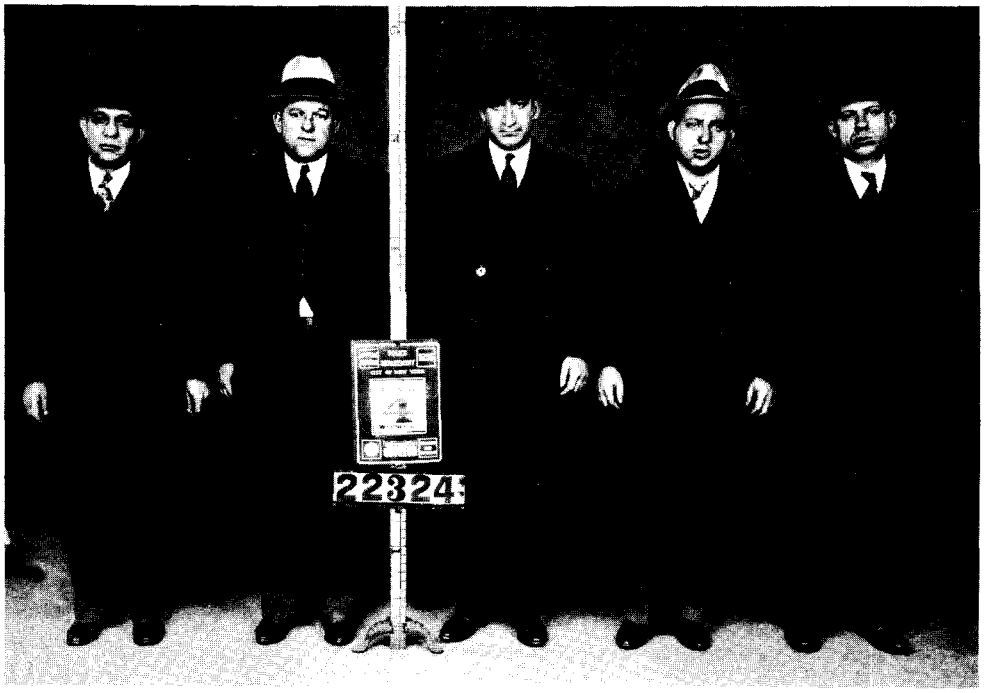
—In colonial New England, a man who succeeded in taking possession of a lady's glove was entitled to a kiss for its return.

—An exercise study at the University of California determined that those who jog regularly tend to kiss more than those who don't jog at all.

—Thomas Carlyle said, "If you are ever in doubt as to whether or not you should kiss a pretty girl, always give her the benefit of the doubt."

THE MORE THINGS STAY THE SAME . . .

"This was the way Lapage caught his victim, as he confessed before his execution," is the caption for this illustration from *The Trial of Joseph Lapage, the French Monster who Murdered the Beautiful School Girl and Teacher in the Woods*, a pamphlet published c. 1880s. It's from an exhibition, "Lurid Literature: Popular Reading of the 19th Century" at the New York Historical Society. The items in this exhibit, all drawn from the Society's library collections, show the purple prose and gruesome pictures used to present contemporary accounts of murder, rape, seduction, incest, kidnapping and robbery in books, pamphlets and broadsides that were avidly read by the American public during the last century.



A POLICEMAN'S LOT

"The Cops and the Combination," an exhibition presented by the Municipal Archives that explores the encounter between New York City's police and the New York underworld from the mid-nineteenth century through the 1940s, will open on March 19th in the lobby of the Surrogate's Court at 31 Chambers Street, Manhattan.

It describes the growing professionalization of both criminal enterprise and law enforcement. Film stills, songsheets and a continuous ten minute slide tape will dramatize how the underworld captured the imagination of the American public. SR

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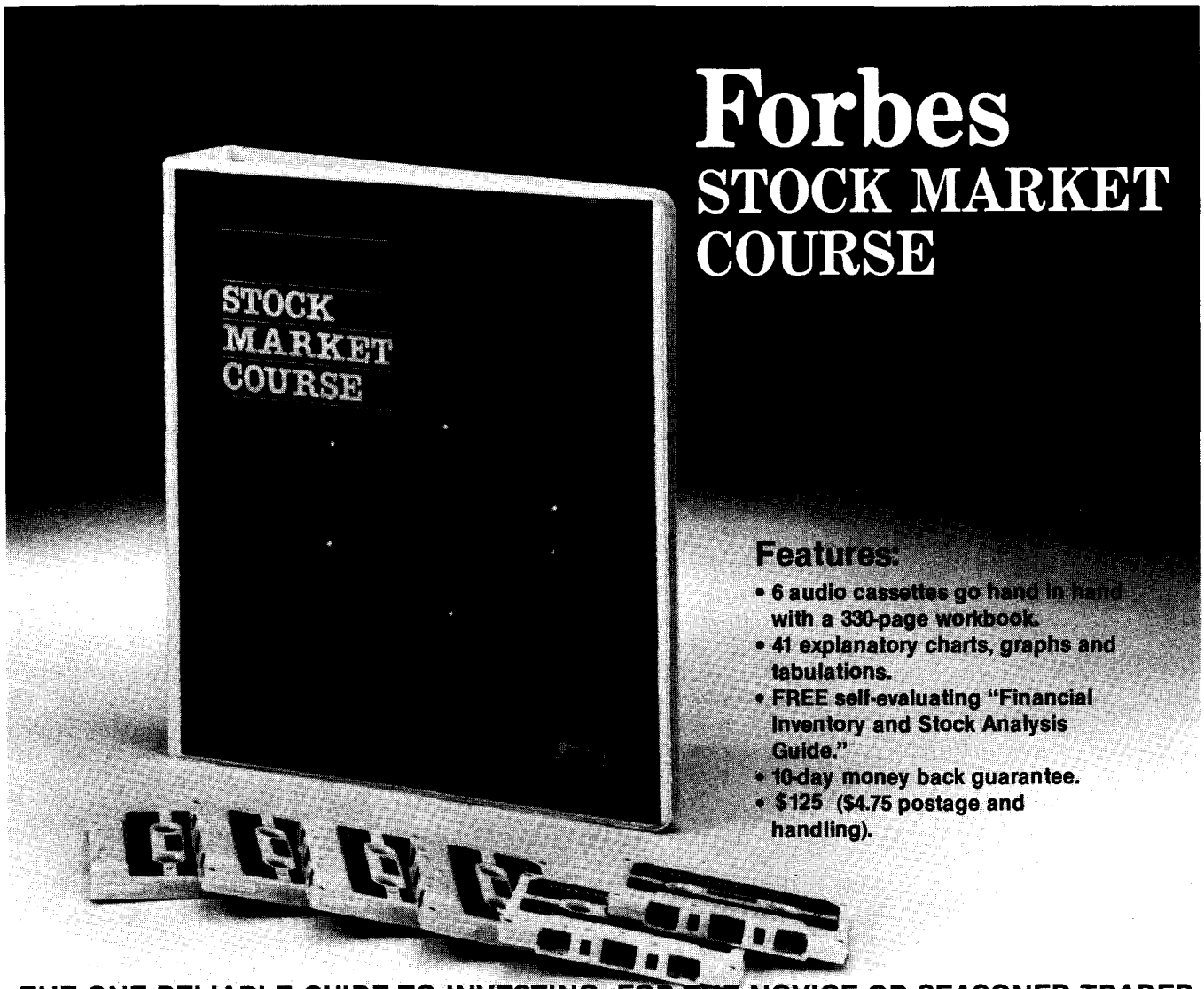

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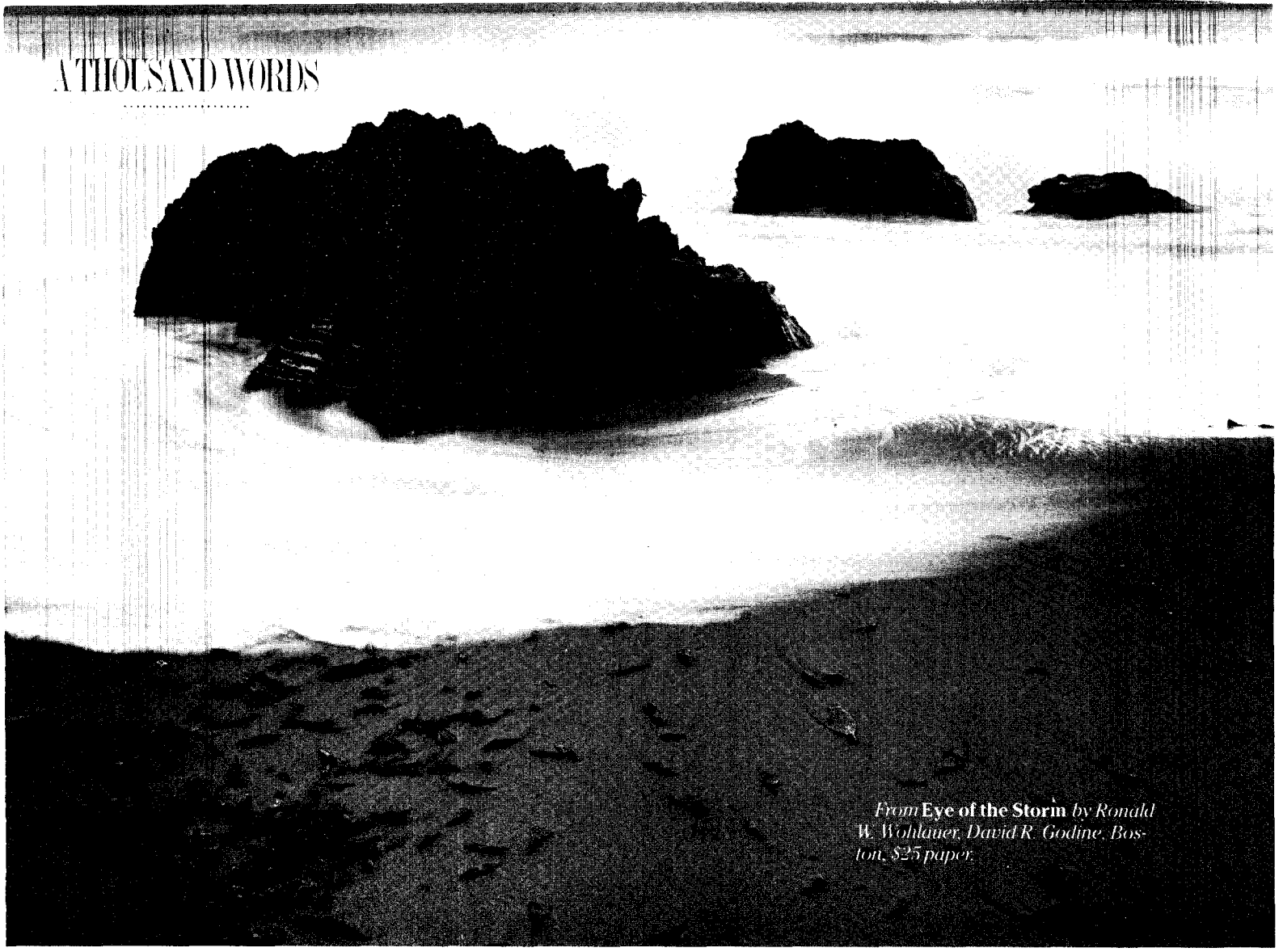
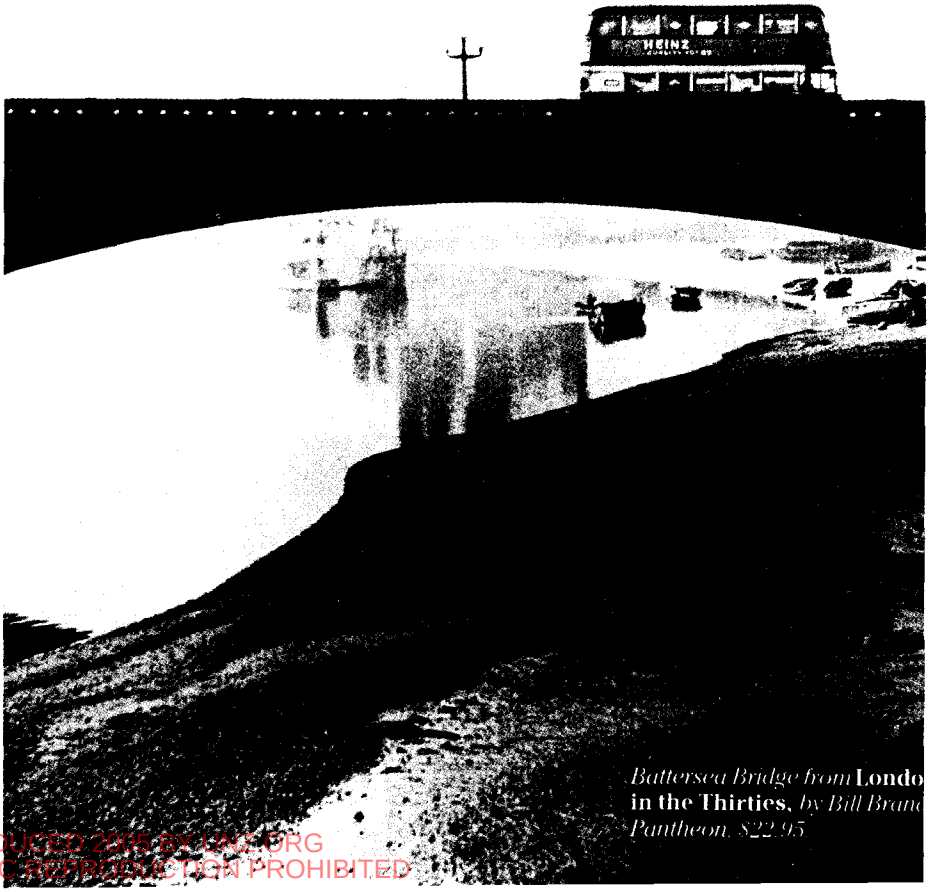


From **Eye of the Storm** *by Ronald W. Wohlauer, David R. Godine, Boston, $25 paper.*



Battersea Bridge from **London in the Thirties,** *by Bill Brandt, Pantheon, $22.95*

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"Sarah" by Joel Meyerowitz from **color/new work,** *edited by Sally Eauclair* **24.95** *paperback, $39.95 clothbo*

The Tsar's daughters relaxing in the summer sun of 1916 (from top to bottom: Tatiana, Olga, Maria, Anastasia) from **The Private World of the Last Tsar,** *edited by Paul and Beatrice Grabbe, Little, Brown & Co., $25.*

Left, photo by William Walling (1934); right, photo by Harry Croner (1960) from **Marlene Dietrich Portraits 1926-1960,** *Schirmer/Mosel, $49.95.*

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THE DICK CAVETT SHOW

by Dick Cavett

SPOOKQUESTING

WHY ARE PEOPLE SO SILLY ABOUT ghosts?

Whenever I mention that one of my unfulfilled ambitions is to see a ghost, the reactions range from a horrified "You must be kidding" to "I'd be terrified" to just plain "Yukk!" accompanied by a shudder. I don't understand this near universal antipathy to encountering the disembodied. What is the risk? I never heard of a ghost hurting anyone, threatening them or even exhibiting bad manners. The greatest risk might be simple boredom, since ghosts never say anything interesting, even though they're in a position to impart so much fascinating information.

I can see not walking through a graveyard at night, since they tend to attract a variety of corporeal creeps, cut-purses and brigands. But I confess to having sat around a few bone-orchards after dark, hoping someone immaterial might, so to speak, materialize. No luck. Until one night . . .

But first let me insert that my favorite ghost stories seem to take place in old houses by the sea. They usually begin "It was an old house and it creaked when the wind gusted. The fog seemed to press against the windows and the dismal moan of the foghorn, oppressive and mournful like some great beast expiring on the moors, served to deepen the melancholy gloom."

What I am about to relate took place precisely as I describe it. It *was* an old house by the sea, it *did* creak and all the rest of the above, and it happened to me. Every word is true.

I'd like to say I'd been reading Edgar Allan Poe before retiring, but I think it was *How to Get Organized* (I'd lost my first copy). In any case, I had turned out my bedside light and slept an hour or so when I awoke to the foghorn and my wife's hushed whisper, "There's someone standing on the porch."

I crept downstairs, got behind a curtain and peeked out. I could just make out the

MICHAEL MCGAR

I want a ghost to appear to an experienced interviewer (preferably me, though I'd settle for Ted Koppel) and to be loquacious for a change.

figure of a man. He appeared to be (I'm sorry, but no other phrase will do) a shipwrecked seaman of yore. Wet vegetation clung to his dripping mackinaw (seaweed, I deduced in a flash), there was a trickle of blood on his forehead and he swayed slightly, with an expression in which confusion and melancholy were mingled. *My* ghost had come at last.

My heart racing, I eased the door open and with anxiety and eager trepidation, addressed the spectral apparition. "What art thou?" seemed appropriate, but I settled for a more conventional "Hello."

I've read enough to know that at this point, the figure brings its hand to its troubled brow, hesitates in an effort to speak, and then slowly dematerializes. Mine said, "Excuse me, but do you think I could use your phone?"

Disappointment is too mild a word. He was, at least, a man of the sea, but not, alas, of another century, and depressingly corporeal. He was from Nova Scotia, his lobster boat had crunched ashore in the fog when the watch fell asleep, and he had fought his way through punishing brambles to the nearest house to call the Coast Guard. Civility masking my profound letdown, I let him use the telephone and was rewarded the next day with six fine lobsters; delicious, but thin compensation for the fact that my ghost-virginity remained intact.

I was glad I hadn't made a total fool of myself. Suppose I had gotten overly dramatic:

"Speak, I charge thee! Art thou from . . . The Other Side?"

"No, a housing development north of Halifax."

It isn't fair. People who don't give a hang about seeing ghosts get to. But never me. Maybe not wanting to is essential.

I want a ghost to appear to an experienced interviewer (preferably me, though I'd settle for Ted Koppel) and to be loquacious for a change.

Should *you* get lucky where I have failed to, and bump into a gabby shade, here are just a few queries off the top of my head. Feel free to borrow them and add your own. I want to know where the departed reside and what living conditions (you'll think of a more appropriate phrase) are like. Is it monotonous there, or can you have new experiences, learn things, and grow in the educational sense, or are you limited to what you bring? Do you socialize with people you knew when alive, and can you be selective therein and avoid boring old Mr. Drimble? What if you yearn to work a crossword puzzle? And is it, in short, a paradise or at least as pleasant as, say, Little Dix Bay, Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands? Can you reappear when you choose and what determines what clothes you come back in, i.e., if you passed over in that drab shirt from Aunt Esther, are you stuck with it? Could you come back and bug people you couldn't stand, scramble their wits or cause them to continually leave their Visa card in sushi bars? And do you see just the good parts of your past life, or also what a loon you have been? There is so much one wants to know. (Note to reader: Not only am I running out of space, but I am writing this in a lonely fishing shack at night and something, I'm not sure what, just moved the lamp. Can I get back to you?) SR

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TOP OF MY HEAD

by Zan Thompson

CARE AND FEEDING

MICHAEL MCGAR

THIS IS BEING WRITTEN ON A COMPUTER which I bought because I wanted to be more like other people. I can't think why I care suddenly, but most of the writers I admire are the owners of one of these. Really, I was tired of turning in my homework and having it look as if it had been typed on an ancient typewriter by someone who didn't know how. Both suppositions are correct.

I bought this after a careful, considered amount of research. What I did was walk into a computer store with bright red carpeting and fresh roses in a vase and say, "Where do I sign?" My research had taken me previously to several computer stores where I learned the names of the various word-processing systems. I think they are named by the same people who name desserts, like lime cloud fluff or peach whimsy.

I have a friend who wrote his most recent book on a computer that he speaks of like old dog Tray, faithful and unswerving. Actually, I think his computer is insecure. I have seen him forced to type the phrase "warm boot" into the poor thing before it would collect its chips and chain drives and start to move. That's like having to say "cuddly teddy bear." Now, I can understand the warm, woolly comfort that comes from these words, but do I want this whimpering attitude in a machine that is supposed to make me crisp and efficient?

Before I bought this thing, I went to a computer show in a vast convention center. There were dozens of computers whirring and clicking and mumbling away under the bright-eyed watchfulness of crisp young people who never needed a warm boot in their lives. One young man asked me to sit down at the keyboard of his charge and I did. After a few seconds he said, "But you can't type."

Smart kid. He had put his finger on the problem Sister Mary Martha had discovered my junior year. He also told me his computer was "user friendly." Well, for heaven's sakes, why shouldn't it be? You're supposed to buy it, get it an expensive table to crouch on, give it half your regular working space, find it friends to interact (their word) with and say soothing phrases to it. What would you expect it to be? User antagonistic?

I have never known anything that required so many accessories since my godchild owned a Barbie Doll.

I have never known anything that required so many accessories since my godchild owned a Barbie Doll. It has to have its own light which clamps on to the back of the expensive table, it hates dust, moisture and animal fur. It's like having Craig's Wife move in. She's the title character in a Pulitzer Prize-winning play by George Kelly about a woman in love with her immaculate house instead of her husband. It has to be covered when it isn't in use and the covers are not to be had at the corner store with the red carpet. You have to call an 800 number and then give responsible answers about the model number before your credit card number is accepted.

At the computer show, a young lady, who was standing in the convention center exactly where the man stands at the Home Show who sells the Mighty Midget potato peeler and radish rose maker, gave me some counsel. She said if I bought her machine I could use it as an address book, a recipe file and to maintain my Christmas card list. Obviously, she had popped me into the computer file which read, "This woman has been in over her head ever since they handed her a ruler."

The young lady also had her computer make me a pretty blue butterfly, which she must have thought was stretching the outer boundaries of my input capacities. It was.

I wish they still had this thing and I had taken a trip to the Greek Isles, which costs about the same. I could be sipping ouzo in a whitewashed taverna while Anthony Quinn threw dishes. Or I wish I'd just bought the Mighty Midget potato peeler and radish rose maker. So there. Flop that on your disc. SR

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Saturday Review

The unexpected success of the new film of Georges Bizet's *Carmen*, and the anticipation by opera buffs of several performances of Alban Berg's grim and difficult *Lulu* next month at the Met, have suddenly made soprano Julia Migenes-Johnson almost as much of a star in America as she already is abroad. The New York-born Puerto Rican-American is a household word in several European countries; now she's beginning to attract attention closer to home.

CARMEN CHAMELEON

BY FRANK GANNON

Julia Migenes-Johnson has willy-nilly become a sex symbol. Mainly nilly. Because, in fact, she would like to change her looks completely.

Her petite five-foot, two-inch frame stretched out on a sofa in her rented flat in London, tiny feet in stiletto heels, tight, tapered blue jeans, white peasant blouse, and billows of brownblack hair framing her dark, freckled face, she matter-of-factly says, "I'm a Mediterranean . . . *round* type. There's not a sharp corner anyplace. What I'd *like* to be is tall with long, straight blond hair and blue eyes and a little pug nose and long legs and little boobs that stand up like *that*."

JONATHAN LEVINE

Julia Migenes-Johnson in Carmen

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BARBRA WALZ

Not surprisingly, it's her looks that have excited much of the domestic interest. Opera stars are supposed to be physically massive, stern-featured, wooden-acting people with glorious voices. But Migenes-Johnson's *Carmen* reviews would be envied by any Hollywood starlet. Critic David Denby wrote that "She's so ripely sexual and so physically volatile that she can play the *femme fatale* and parody it at the same time. Taunting and vamping [her co-star Placido] Domingo, she dances so provocatively you think he's either got to make love to her or kill her on the spot. . . ." And Pauline Kael called her "the chief glory of the production" and "an uninhibited carnal comedienne."

She's surprising, this earthy opera singer who is neither a sexpot nor a prima donna. She is strong, centered, surviving. She looks just like a woman and talks just like a woman; you don't get the feeling that she'd break like a little girl. Maybe that's because she never really was a little girl.

She combines an enormous talent, contagious vivacity, and a no-nonsense sense of abilities and limitations with a streetwise earthiness. She's disarmingly upfront. Maybe that's because where she came from there wasn't much held back.

Where she came from. A tenement on Manhattan's East Side. Her mother had been born in Puerto Rico and moved to New York, where, at fourteen, she moved in with her cousin, Juan. The next year they had a child. And then another. They were children who were parents of children. As they grew up and came to understand their feelings, they realized they weren't in love.

"I lived in that toilet singing to myself. I could only communicate if someone forced it on me and made it very, very safe."

The man next door was a Greek named Mouzianakis. He was a grown-up. Twenty years older. She fell in love with him. He spoke little English and no Spanish; she learned a little Greek. They had three children together: three girls. They named the youngest Julia.

The median emotional temperature on East 33rd Street was boiling, with five young children of two different fathers who lived as next-door neighbors and hated each other. Juan, who they lived with, they called "Poppy"; the man across the hall, they called "Daddy."

Sometimes Juan drank. Those were the times he would threaten to take a knife to the kids that didn't look like him. Other times he would announce that he was going to turn on the gas and end it all.

Finally her mother moved the five kids and herself across the hall to "the Greek's" apartment (this is how Julia Migenes-Johnson refers to her father today: "the Greek").

She experienced a lot of this soap opera from behind the bathroom door. It was the only door in the apartment with a lock on it. Safe and secure, she would sing for hours while operatic emotions raged on the other side of the door.

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J. HEFFERNAN

"I don't remember my mother or my father very well," she says. "He didn't speak much English so I literally couldn't communicate with him. I loved my mother, but I went through the whole time in a bubble. I lived in that toilet singing to myself. I could only communicate if someone forced it on me and made it very, very safe. I wouldn't even answer the door or the telephone." The emotional isolation—and what she considers its disasterous consequences for her personal life—lasted all through her teens. It ended partly because she matured and partly because she became a Scientologist.

"My mother was determined that we would have all the advantages she hadn't. She didn't want to type us, so she wouldn't let me have my ears pierced and she wouldn't let me speak Spanish." Julia Migenes-Johnson has learned fluent French and German, but to this day she can't speak Spanish. "I *do* know the really good curse words, because they would be hurled back and forth across the hall. So I can take care of myself in that department in Spanish," she says.

Her oldest (step) sister had talent and ambition for the family. She arranged scholarships for them at a local dance school. At age three, Julia was playing the child Trouble in *Madame Butterfly*. Their act—The Migenes Kids—sang and danced at lodge meetings and department stores. For a couple of years the kids were on the road with the touring company of *South Pacific*. She loved it. "We were free and together and away from the problems of home."

They were supposed to have a tutor, but they didn't. "I couldn't read or count or even tell time until I really started going to school after the tour. I was almost ten," she says nostalgically.

At the High School of Music and Art (of *Fame* fame), she was singled out by Leonard Bernstein to perform in a televised concert version of Aaron Copland's children's opera *The Second Hurricane*. At this time she was training to be a dancer and just sang because she loved to do it.

A friend told her about an audition for a major revival of *West Side Story*. She simply went over after school, in her jeans and without any makeup, music, resume, headshots or agent. She got the part.

The time had come to reassess being a dancer. And not just because her singing career was burgeoning.

(Above and below) Julia Migenes-Johnson in Mahagonny

"I really decided to become a singer when it was clear that I wasn't going to grow any more. In the ballet classes, all the girls had legs up to *here* and were tall and blond. I wasn't turned out, I had big boobs and a round ass so I decided: 'Forget this, I'll just sing.'" She found a voice coach and began in earnest.

She got the part of Hodel, one of Tevye's three daughters in *Fiddler on the Roof*. Among her sisters, at various (but not the same) times, were Bette Midler and Pia Zadora. She remembers Midler's constant attention to her personal grooming: "Shave yer pits, Hodel," was Ms. Midler's frequent advice. On nights off from *Fiddler*, she moonlighted with the City Opera, singing in Menotti's *The Consul* and *The Saint of Bleecker Street*.

THE CASTING OF A GERMAN VERSION OF *West Side Story* offered a chance to travel abroad in the late sixties. She was a hit. She fell in love and married her second husband, a Viennese actor. (The first marriage, at age eighteen, had been annulled. "He handled it all—I don't even know what grounds he gave," she says casually. "He could have put 'She's a vampire and sucks blood' for all I know. I'm sure that would be sufficient grounds.")

She became the toast of Vienna, singing different roles at the famous Volksoper and performing in concerts and on TV. But things suddenly went sour. A vocal coach strained her muscles by making her practice with heavy books on her stomach and she lost her voice.

She remembers Bette Midler's constant attention to her personal grooming: "Shave yer pits," was Ms. Midler's frequent advice.

The marriage also went bad. "He was a fabulous actor with a tremendous sense of humor. I think that's what really drew me to him: he was so funny and he made me laugh. But like all Viennese men, he felt that the women should stay in the kitchen while the men go out to coffee houses and read the newspapers. So I decided that if I wanted someone who could make me laugh, I would go watch Bugs Bunny on TV. In fact, those were my

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LADY OF SPAIN

BIZET'S *CARMEN* IS A LONG, POWERFUL, and surprisingly successful film version of the popular opera. Critic David Denby called it "the first truly exciting movie of 1984"—and he wrote that in October.

Italian director Francesco Rosi (*The Mattei Affair, Christ Stopped at Eboli*), wanted to capture the Carmen and the Spain that Bizet had in mind when he composed the evocative music.

Julia Migenes-Johnson spent months preparing for the role. She worked with a teacher to bring her voice down to the lower mezzo-soprano range of the original score. Instead of learning the words phonetically, she took a crash course in French. She worked with master choreographer Antonio Gades to learn the basics of flamenco dancing.

She feels close to Carmen. "I have that type of violence in me," she says. "And I don't let anybody have the last word. When I get my dander up, watch out. Everything flies. Everything.

"Carmen is free. That's what she's about: freedom. She could lie to Don Jose about preferring another man, and if she lied maybe he wouldn't kill her. But if she doesn't tell the truth she won't be free. Today, a woman would handle it differently. She'd say, 'Let's talk this over,' or 'Why don't you take a Tylenol and calm down?'."

She thinks the best advice about playing Carmen came from her French teacher, who told her: "Just because you're playing Carmen you don't have to have a mustache."

"That put it all in perspective for me," she says. "It helped me see that Carmen isn't vulgar. She isn't a whore. She feels that Jose got in trouble and suffered because of her so she sort of owes him a fabulous night. But that's all. He gets carried away and thinks he owns her. But Carmen doesn't go to bed with everyone. If she's infatuated with someone, if she feels like it, she does. If Carmen is a whore, then half the women in this city are whores."

last words to him."

She met a Ukrainian dancer and had a child with him, her daughter Martina, now a beautiful and self-possessed ten-year-old.

The Vienna years ended badly. The Volksoper was unsympathetic when her voice failed. She's still bitter about the soft underside of Viennese *gemütlichkeit*. "They can be charming on the outside with all their little jokes and all the 'I kiss your hand, Madame' shtick, but they'll rip you apart when your back is turned. They can't take someone who is brilliant and strong. You've got to be violent and charming. In the red light district of Hamburg the best pimps are the Viennese. They have the best girls, and they're the roughest."

Her voice returned and the attention she had attracted in Vienna led to some interesting and visible jobs. She starred in several popular and award-winning TV

"It wasn't just me oozing around the cave getting hornier by the minute," she says with palpable enthusiasm.

shows in Germany. In 1978, she made her American operatic debut as Musetta in a Jean-Luc Ponelle production of *La Bohème* in San Francisco (and there met the man who would become her third and current husband, Jervis Johnson).

The next year she made an auspicious debut at New York's Metropolitan Opera as Jenny in Kurt Weill's *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*, a role well within her range. Other roles at the Met included Musetta, and Nedda in *I Pagliacci*. She was also signed as the standby for Teresa Stratas in the Met's new production of Berg's *Lulu*. Even though the odds were against her ever actually getting to sing it, Migenes-Johnson approached the prospect with typical intensity. She moved her family to Europe and spent four hours a day for six months learning the difficult role.

On the opening night of *Lulu* at the Met, Teresa Stratas was ill. Just like in those old movies, the understudy got to go on with little warning and no stage rehearsal. It was a triumph.

It never occured to Migenes-Johnson that Stratas wouldn't be recovered for the next performance, which was to be televised live nationwide. There are some things you show up for no matter how indisposed you are.

So, on the day of the performance, Migenes-Johnson, who was three months pregnant (with Jessica, now a lively three-year-old), went Christmas shopping near her mother-in-law's house on Long Island. At 4:30 in the afternoon the call came: "You're on."

Snow was falling as her cab pulled onto the Long Island Expressway, which is like a parking lot in bad weather. They got off and reached a train station, where Migenes-Johnson, "shlepping my music, my pregnancy brassieres, honey, oranges, and tapes in two bulky, heavy shopping bags," managed to catch a Manhattan-bound train.

At Penn Station everything was crazy. "I found an off-duty cab and told him I'd give him twenty dollars to take me to the Met because I was singing there in two hours. He looked at me and I thought, 'He's going to think I'm a bag lady,' but he told me to get in.

"We just made it. I hadn't vocalized. I still hadn't had a rehearsal. And because I was pregnant, they had to let out all of Teresa's costumes. But I told myself—I talk to myself a lot—'If you're nervous you'll screw it up, so just don't think about it. Just do your job.' "

It was another triumph, this time with a coast-to-coast audience.

With her operatic reputation established and growing, she was chosen by choreographer Maurice Béjart for the title role in a new Geneva production of Richard Strauss' opera *Salome*.

"It was the most thrilling thing I've ever done," she says. "My voice wasn't right for it, but I loved the music so much I had already studied it just for myself." Béjart had been looking for years for someone who could play Salome the way he wanted, and he decided that as long as Migenes-Johnson's voice was adequate for the comparatively small theater, her acting would carry the production. He was right.

At the center of the story and the opera is the Dance of the Seven Veils. The heft of most sopranos makes audiences feel that some things are best left covered. With the sexiest of Salomes to work with, Béjart opted for a typically audacious ap-

Continued on page 59

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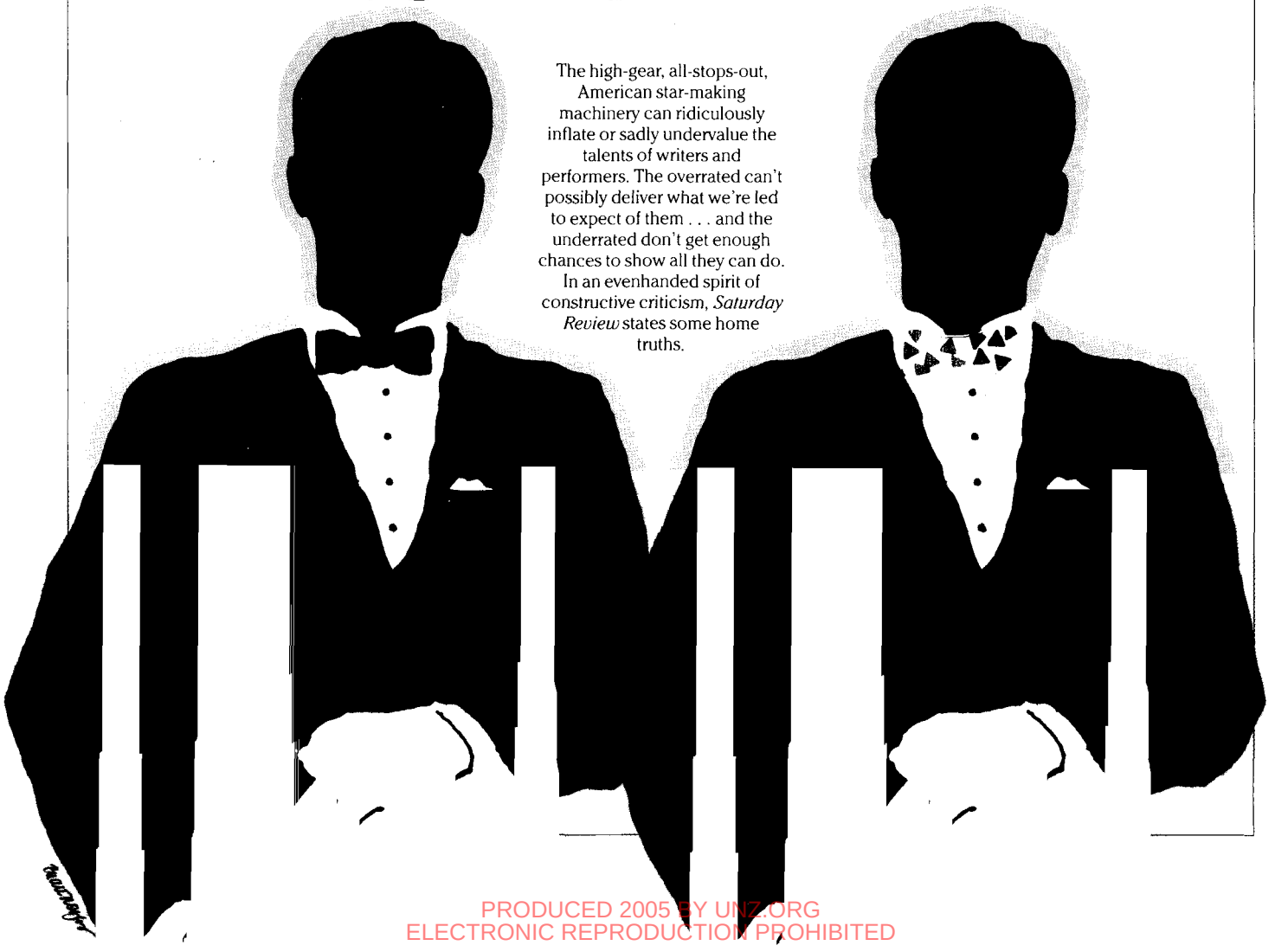
THE 42 MOST UNDERRATED AND OVERRATED PEOPLE IN AMERICAN ARTS AND LETTERS

The high-gear, all-stops-out, American star-making machinery can ridiculously inflate or sadly undervalue the talents of writers and performers. The overrated can't possibly deliver what we're led to expect of them . . . and the underrated don't get enough chances to show all they can do. In an evenhanded spirit of constructive criticism, *Saturday Review* states some home truths.



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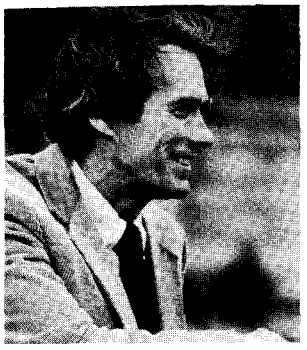
UNDERRATED

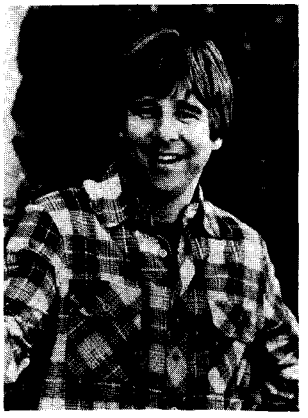


Clint Eastwood Only with *Tightrope* has his artistry begun to be appreciated.

Joan Rivers You can make people laugh by working at crafting your comedy or by sticking your finger in your mouth and talking about your boobies. She has done the former and is capable of doing it again after the current rush of success subsides.

Michael Caine Too dependably good for his own good.

Michael York A journeyman actor who always gets it right.



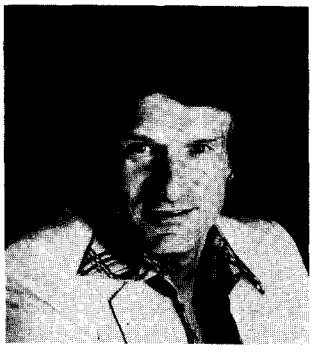
Beau Bridges See Michael York.

Genevieve Bujold A searingly intelligent actress who is finally overcoming many of the problems she created for herself.

Christo The fact that his Philistine press is largely self-generated shouldn't obscure his startling creativity and its breathtakingly beautiful results.

Joan Collins It's not easy being sleazy.

Rosanne Cash Big heart, big mouth, big talent.



Hugh Hefner Bunny bashing has been a sport for three decades, but he may just be the last Romantic in America.

John David Souther He hears America singing and serenades it right back.

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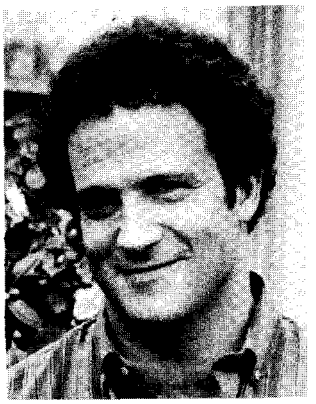
Johnny Carson He makes it look too easy.

Jerry Herman It isn't a sin to write a tune you can hum.

Bette Midler A still largely undirected—and therefore untapped—talent.

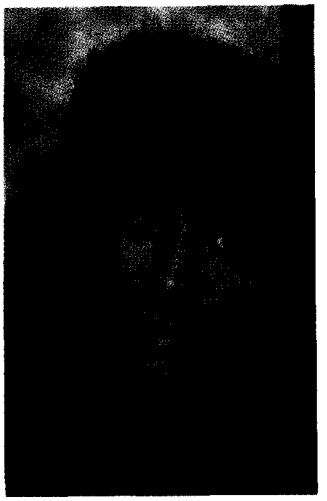
Carly Simon Still better known for the men in her life than for her own considerable writing and performing talents.

Charles McCarry The best American writer of thrillers. By far.



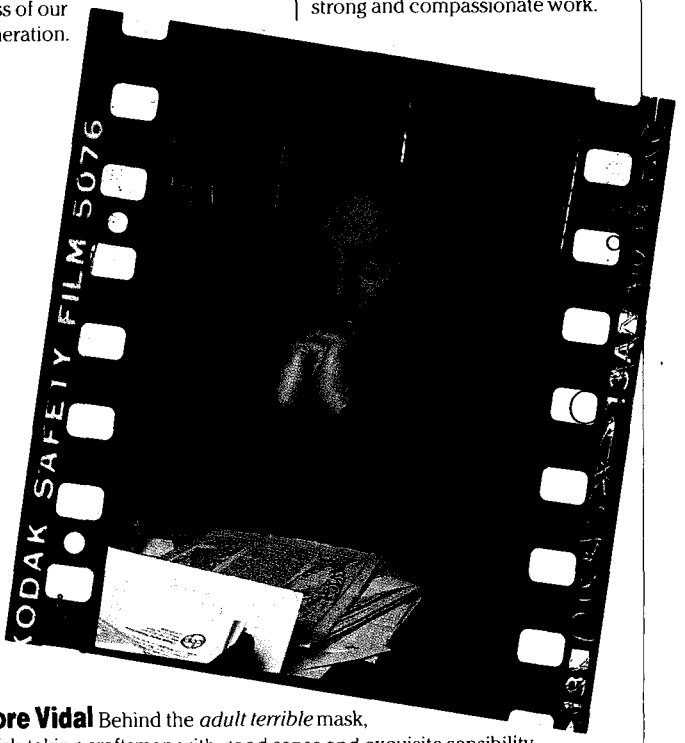
Albert Brooks He's been called the funniest white man in America. He is.

Jane Fonda Beneath the leotards and the hot flashes she is still the most talented American actress of our generation.



Cher Her ludicrous personal life is still distracting attention from the range and sensitivity of her late-blooming talent.

Sissy Spacek Quietly and consistently building up a body of strong and compassionate work.



Gore Vidal Behind the *adult terrible* mask, a risk-taking craftsman with good sense and exquisite sensibility.

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OVERRATED

Alan Alda His acting runs the gamut of emotions from A to B, but his unrelenting sincerity goes all the way from A to ZZZZZZ.

George Will Who quotes the man who quotes everyone?

Barbara Tuchman Over the years an unhappy transition from writing history as a moral lesson to writing moral lessons as history.

Bill Cosby Finally a black family man on TV who is even more insipid than his white predecessors.

Richard Gere An actor of such miniscule presence it has been suggested they should film his deals instead.

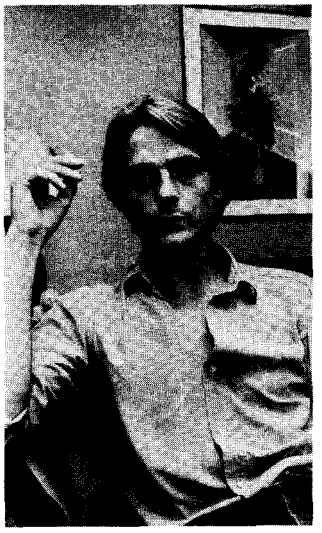
Carl Sagan There are billions and billions of stars and he wants to be one of them.

David Byrne If he let out gas, critics would name it one of the best songs of the year.

John McPhee A combination of solid reporting, stolid style, and an agreeably eclectic choice of subjects. No more. No less.

Laurie Anderson She is either the Second Coming or a total fraud. If she isn't the Second Coming, then a lot of people have been had.

Andy Rooney A nation deserves the curmudgeon it chooses. The poor man's Hughes Rudd.



Jeremy Irons Once the "new Olivier," he now seems doomed to a film career of very bad art films. His range seems to become more limited with each of them.

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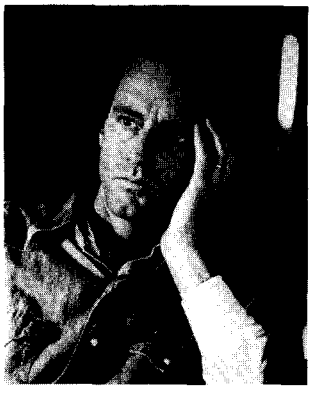
Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard The Couple of the '80s: Yuppies Out West.



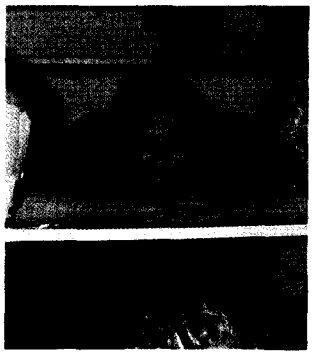
Sam Shepard A limited and repetitive vision of violence and emptiness played out over and against trendy desertscapes and one night cheap motels. His success says more about us than about him. Posterity will honor him as the Maxwell Anderson of our times.

Saul Bellow The most deservedly unread best-selling Nobel Laureate. Some people may actually get through these styleless and self-important tomes, but does anyone actually enjoy them?

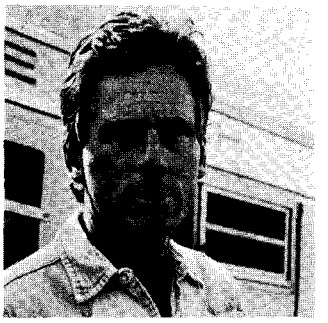
Isaac Bashevis Singer His slight but charming storytelling abilities have been so inflated that he has ended up more revered than read.

John Malkovich A couple of well-observed performances and a brilliant directorial debut don't amount to the greatest thing since sliced bread.

George Burns Age is no excuse.



Harvey Fierstein How many times must one person come out of the same closet?



Tom McGuane A spread in Montana and a hot tub can parlay a small and uneven output into cult status.

David Mamet What should have been an experiment in the power of repetition of locker room language to *épater* the Broadway ticket-buying bourgeois has turned into a career.

Garry Trudeau The most publicized return since MacArthur's has produced a strip that is predictable, mean-spirited, and not as funny as before. SR

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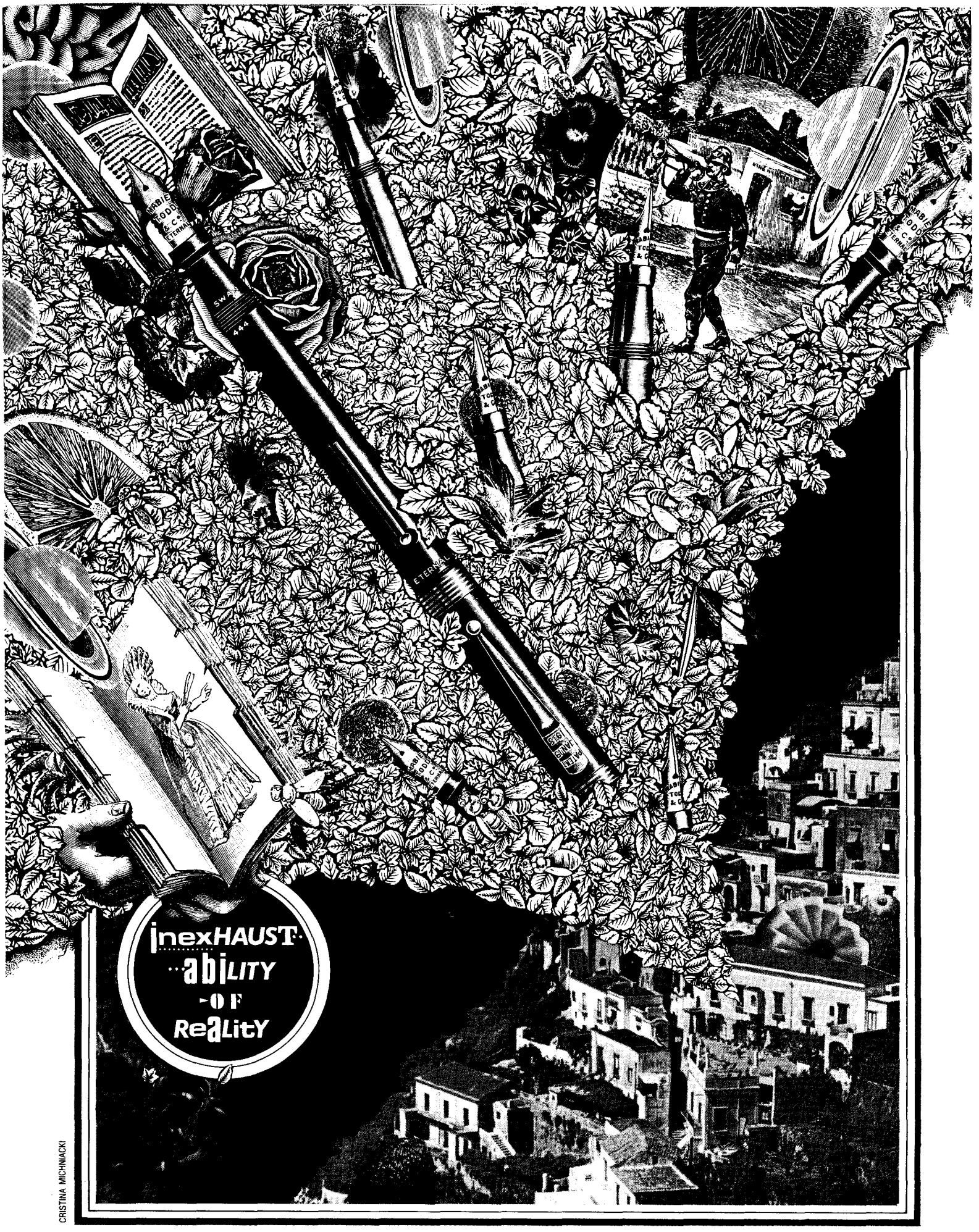

CRISTINA MICHNIACKI

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An interview with ITALO CALVINO

By Alexander Stille

The reclusive man who has been called Italy's best novelist gives unusual insights into his background and his work.

ITALO CALVINO IS INCREASINGLY recognized as Italy's most important and imaginative novelist. He has been publishing for thirty-seven of his sixty years and has gone through enough transformations to fill the careers of several writers. His latest novel, *Palomar*, will be published in America later this year.

His early fiction consisted of traditional, realistic stories based on his experiences during World War II. The Calvino that emerged in the 1950s and 1960s appeared to be almost a different writer, an experimental modernist.

Calvino has always been set apart from the bulk of Italian novelists. In the 1950s, while most writers there felt a political and moral duty to write realistic novels about the conditions of contemporary life, Calvino wrote playful, picaresque novels set in the distant past about non-existent knights and a baron who lives in a tree.

When other Italian writers were active in the protest movements of late 1960s and early '70s, Calvino moved to Paris and created imaginary worlds in space, inside the atom or simply in the mind. *Cosmicomics* (1965) and *t zero* (1967) feature as their protagonist a subatomic particle with a gift for gab named Qfwfq, who has witnessed most of the critical events of prehistoric nature, such as the formation of the stars, the disappearance of the dinosaurs, and curved space.

Invisible Cities (1972) was another departure into uncharted literary waters. Here he recreated imaginary conversations between Marco Polo and the Kublai Khan, in which Polo tells the emperor of a series of invented cities that lie within his almost infinite realm. *If on a winter's night a traveller* (1979) is different from any of these, a tour de force in which Calvino mimes, to great comic effect, every literary genre, from the detective story to the Japanese erotic romance, from the existentialist novel of despair to an international thriller set in South America.

Calvino worked for many years as an editor at the Italian publishing house Einaudi. Perceiving that there was no volume that brought together all the folk and fairy tales from Italy's many regions, Calvino collected and then rewrote the tales in his own style. When *Italian Folktales* was published in the United States in 1979, it sold nearly 100,000 copies, even making the bestseller list for a while.

His increased recognition in the United States has brought him here more frequently in recent years to give seminars at Harvard and Columbia University. This fall he will be giving the prestigious Norton Lectures at Harvard, a lecture series that has served as a forum for major statements of some of the most important living artists.

In his pursuit of new forms, Calvino has been criticized for his cool detachment from the political scene. He is a shy and reticent man who tends to avoid interviews. He lives with his Argentine-born wife Chichita and their teenage daughter in Rome.

Calvino's novels appear to contain nothing at all autobiographical. But in a recent interview in New York, he revealed elements of his own experience present in his work, and the relation between his early realistic stories and his later experimental novels.

Q. You are known primarily as an author who writes fantastical novels having nothing to do with everyday reality, but your new book, *Palomar* (1983), and an earlier novel, *Marcovaldo* (1969), are about nature and our relationship with nature. Where does this interest come from?

A. My childhood and youth was spent in the midst of nature. My father was an agronomist who worked on agricultural experiments. My mother was a botanist and a geneticist. We lived in a villa at San Remo full of exotic plants and had a small working farm.

My father, who had spent many years in Mexico and Cuba, had been the first to import the avocado and the grapefruit to Italy. When he went to Mexico he immediately sent avocado seeds back to San Remo. Today they are very well-known in Italy, but at that time, in the 1920s and 1930s, it seemed the eccentricity of the Calvino family to eat these exotic fruits.

Q. The scientific interests of your parents show up in some of your novels; *Cosmicomics* discusses things like the Big Bang and curved space.

A. I was always sort of the black sheep of my family. They were all scientists. I had two chemist uncles who both married lady chemists. Instead, I turned my back on the scientific world. If in some way my work has dealt with nature, it is out of a kind of nostalgia for a world that I have lost and that I try to recover through literature.

Q. Even in your writing about nature,

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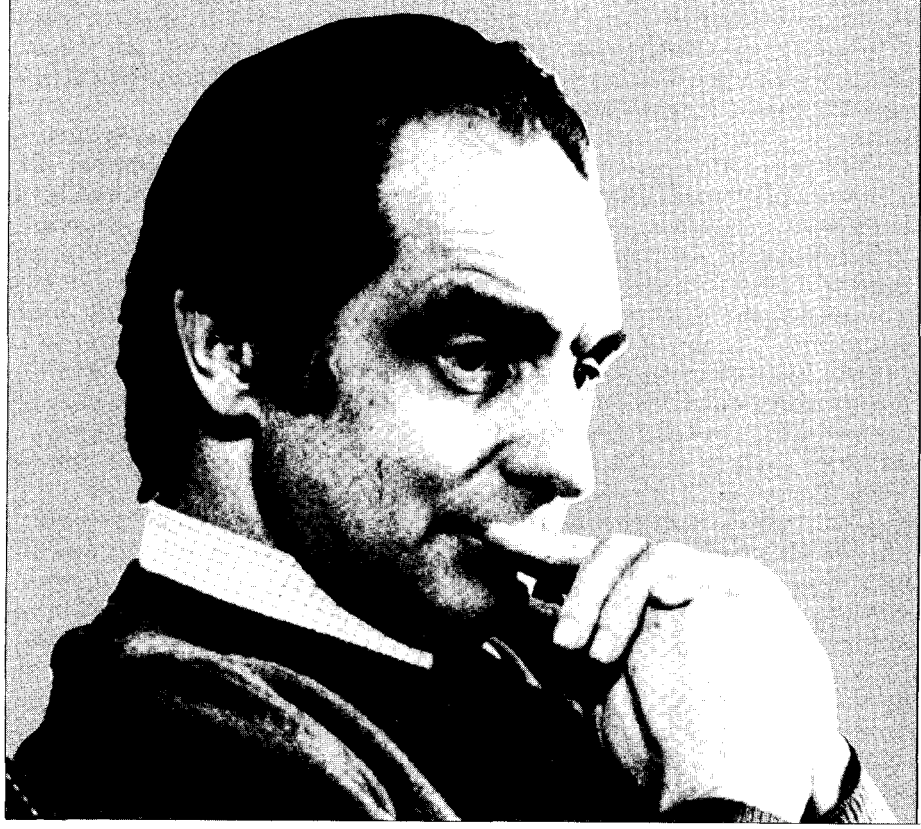
"I believe more and more in literature as a language that says things that the other languages can't say, that literature has full status as a form of knowledge."

ITALO CALVINO



DENIS GARBIER

though, your perspective is detached, scientific and rather troubled.

A. *Palomar* is an album from life. In writing my books I always proceed accumulating material of a certain type. When I happen to see something from life that I want to describe, I jot it down. With *Palomar*, I tried to rehabilitate a literary genre which has fallen into disuse, namely, the description. The operation of description is sometimes a frustrating one because when you reach the most minute detail, there is always another detail still more minute. The sense that my book gives is of the inexhaustibility of reality. Every chapter is both a reflection and a description. It's about the process of knowledge.

Q. Your writing career took off right after World War II and your first stories are about those experiences. Had you decided to write before then or did the war push you to it?

A. The war and the experience of the resistance had an extremely important effect on me. Before that, I wanted to write but I felt that I couldn't because I had had no experience. Instead, during the German occupation of Italy, circumstances threw me into the middle of an adventurous and tragic world that gave me justification for writing. I had known and experienced the world that I saw described in the books I read in that period of American writers like Hemingway and Dos Passos.

Q. Did you participate in the resistance?

A. I was twenty at the time I was called to arms by the Fascist government of Salo. At the beginning, I hid in the countryside and lived with the peasants who worked for my father, which gave me my first real contact with the people. Then the fascists posted the death penalty for those who failed to sign up for the draft. I joined the army and then escaped a few days later and went with the partisans. My mother and father were arrested by the fascists and for several months were the hostages of the SS.

Meanwhile, my brother and I lived the life of the partisans in an area in which all the towns were in the hands either of the Germans or the fascists. So I spent very hard months, but it gave me a sense that I had lived the drama of my nation and that I had risked death many times. It gave me the political commitment to be a part of a profound democratic renewal of my country.

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Q. After the war, the reigning literary tradition was neo-realism. How did it affect you?

A. Even though my natural tendency would be toward fantasy and invention, the first things I wrote were realistic. Even from the beginning, the critics said that I tended to transform reality into a fable-like vision, so I felt authorized in developing this fantastic bent. At that time, creative work was only a part of a general vision of the renewal of Italian culture. So my literary beginnings were affected by the presence of a larger philosophical and political vision.

Q. At that time, that meant alignment with the Italian Communist Party.

A. Yes. Americans find it very difficult to understand how so many Italian intellectuals could have belonged to the Communist Party in that period. Perhaps it is only a problem of names: what we in Italy experienced as "communism" has nothing to do with what the Americans think of today when one says communism, in other words, Russia and dictatorship. At that moment, all those things existed but as distant myths.

Q. People have the impression that you are now an essentially apolitical writer.

A. That's true. I'm happy to have had my phase of extreme radicalism in my youth because when I saw writers who became politicized later, it seemed much more phony. It meant that I wasn't swept up in the new wave of radicalism of 1968, which I watched with a sense of great detachment. I saw with great sadness so many intelligent people get caught up in things like the myths of the Chinese revolution and the Third World. The feeling that I didn't belong to any political trend became stronger and stronger.

Q. Superficially, at least, your books have changed enormously from your realistic stories to your later fantastical novels and stories. Are there parts of you as a writer that haven't changed?

A. What hasn't changed is what I demand of a book that I write. I want to have a relationship with the reader. I want the reader to have fun. I don't want to be a boring writer. At the same time, I want my books to have a meaning and to have a meaning in the culture of our times; to say something that hasn't already been said and to say it in a way that cannot be said except through literature. I believe more and more in literature as a language that says things that the other languages can't say, that literature has full status as a form of knowledge.

Q. Was there a particular breaking point when you made the change-over from realistic to fantastic writing?

A. The changes were gradual and constant, because by nature I am always dissatisfied with whatever I do and so as soon as I solve one problem, I pose other ones. But an important moment for me was when I wrote *Cosmicomics*. There I feel I really moved farther ahead, and was able to incorporate my experiences of the literary avant-guard, from Borges to Beckett. And it is a direction that I am still exploring. Even after publishing *Cosmicomics* and *t zero*, I've continued writing stories in that same vein.

Q. Who is the protagonist of *Cosmicomics*?

> *"I want to have a relationship with the reader. I want the reader to have fun."*

A. We don't know who the protagonist with the unpronounceable name [Qfwfq] is because he existed before human beings came onto the scene. He was there at the time of the Big Bang; he takes animal form during the history of evolution. He is more than anything a voice or a pair of eyes, a pair of human eyes, a kind of anthropomorphization of a biological creature.

I tried to do for modern science what primitive people have done with the forces of nature: personify them with figures between the human and animal. These stories are the legends and the myths of the world of science. Science has become more and more removed from the world of images, more and more abstract, so that to enter into it we have to populate it with concrete and visible images.

Q. Do you have a favorite among all your books?

A. I think that *Cosmicomics* and *t zero* are among my best books. I believe that they are a part of my work that will be more and more recognized. But probably the book that is most finished and perfect is *Invisible Cities*.

Q. Some people have criticized these most recent books of yours saying that they have become too inaccessible, too cerebral. How do you react to that criticism?

A. I don't believe it. I believe that even *If on a winter's night a traveller* is a communicative book, and has succeeded in drawing in many readers. Saul Bellow, in a recent interview in Italy, said that he used to read my books and that now he finds them boring. I'm sorry for Saul Bellow, because he's a writer I like, but unlike him, I love to continue experimenting with new forms.

Q. Do you have the impression that you are regarded differently here than in Italy?

A. The timing has been different. In America I believe that the real interest in my work came only with *Invisible Cities* [published here in 1976], but the most successful book I've had in terms of popularity was *Italian Folktales*.

I received many letters from ordinary readers, many of them Italian-American, sometimes third and fourth generation immigrants, who wrote to tell me the tales that they had heard from their parents and grandparents resembled the ones in the book.

Q. Are there certain writers here that you follow with interest?

A. I'm always happy when I see writers of my generation, who already appear completely formed, do something new and unexpected. For example, the last novel of John Updike, *The Witches of Eastwick*, seemed to me to have a richness of writing and to add a new dimension to his work. I very much liked *Duluth* by Gore Vidal. Among the writers who are more experimental, I always follow with great interest and amusement Donald Barthelme.

Q. What sort of stimulus do you look for by spending time here?

A. I think that America always prefigures what will happen in European society in several years. SR

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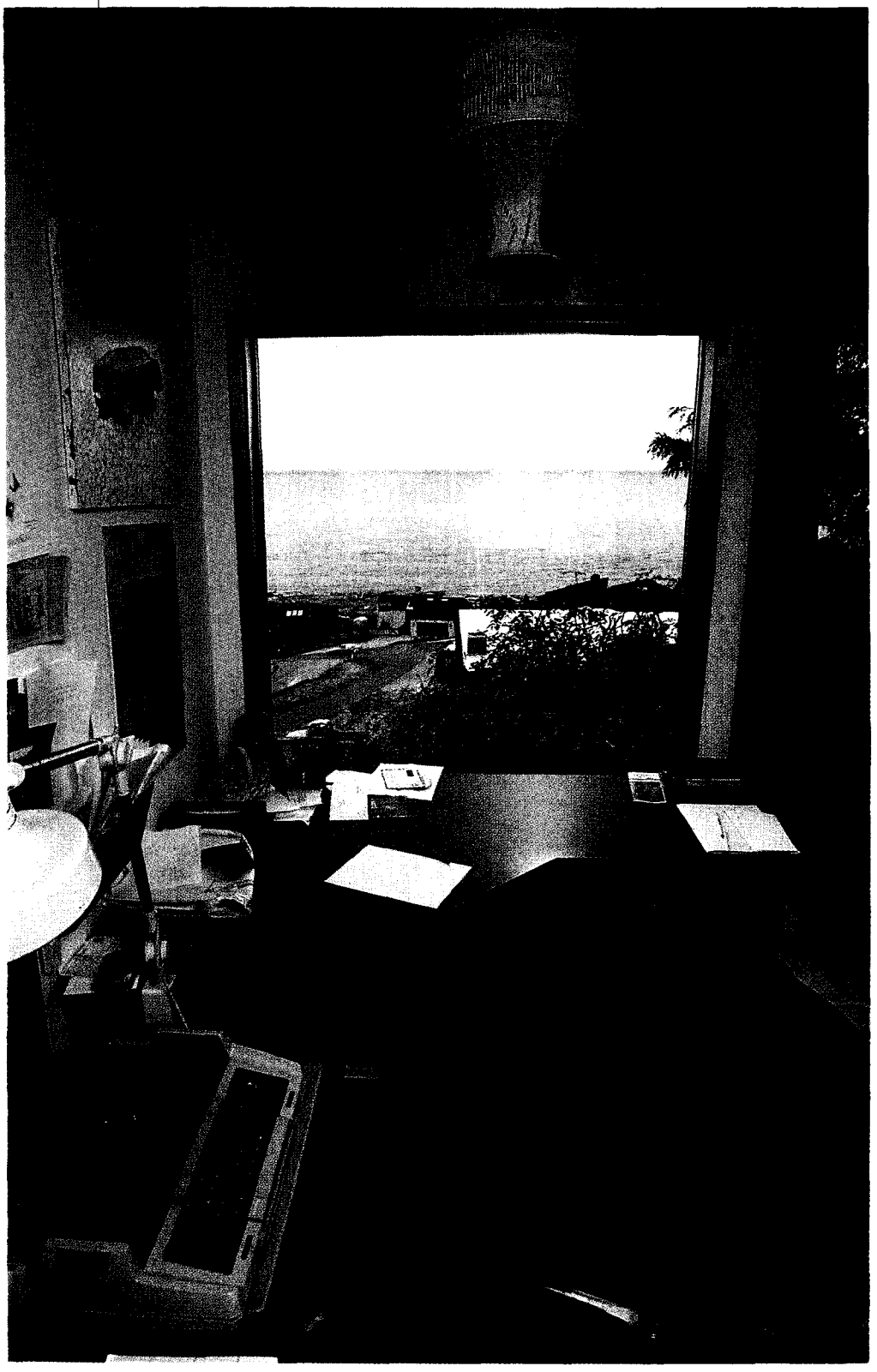
A WRITER'S DESK



RAYMOND CARVER

RAYMOND CARVER DOES HIS WRITING IN the secluded coastal village of Port Angeles, Washington, facing Vancouver Island, twenty-one miles across the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The region is known for its lumber industry and salmon fishing.

"It's really restful somehow," says Carver. "I found that the view of the water itself got into the work that I was doing this spring and summer . . . I ended up writing over one hundred poems, which I'm terrible happy about." (The poems will be published by Random House under the title *Where Water Comes Together With Other Water.*)

The bullfight poster above the window is a memento of Carver's first date, in Juarez, Mexico, with his partner of seven years, Tess Gallagher. She is a poet who teaches in Syracuse, New York, where they both spend about half the year. Gallagher grew up in Port Angeles and ten years ago bought the lot where their house now stands. "I was raised on the east side of the Cascade Mountains," says Carver. "This part of the world was a foreign country to me. I'd never been over here though I'd lived in Washington from the age of two to nineteen."

Carver's Washington days are structured around writing in the morning, and salmon fishing in the evenings. He generally writes a first draft in longhand. Then he types a draft, which he revises extensively.

"Richard Ford, the novelist, came out to do some salmon fishing and he said he couldn't work in a space like this," Carver remarks. "He said he would be too distracted by the view. But that's part of the writing process for me—doing the gazing and staring. I've looked out over many yards, roofs and buildings, but never in my life have I gazed out over a body of water like this. It suits me to a tee."

Carver's books include: *Cathedral* (1983), *Fires* (1983), *The Pheasant* (1982), *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love* (1981) and *Will You Please Be Quiet, Please?* (1976). SR

JON OLSON

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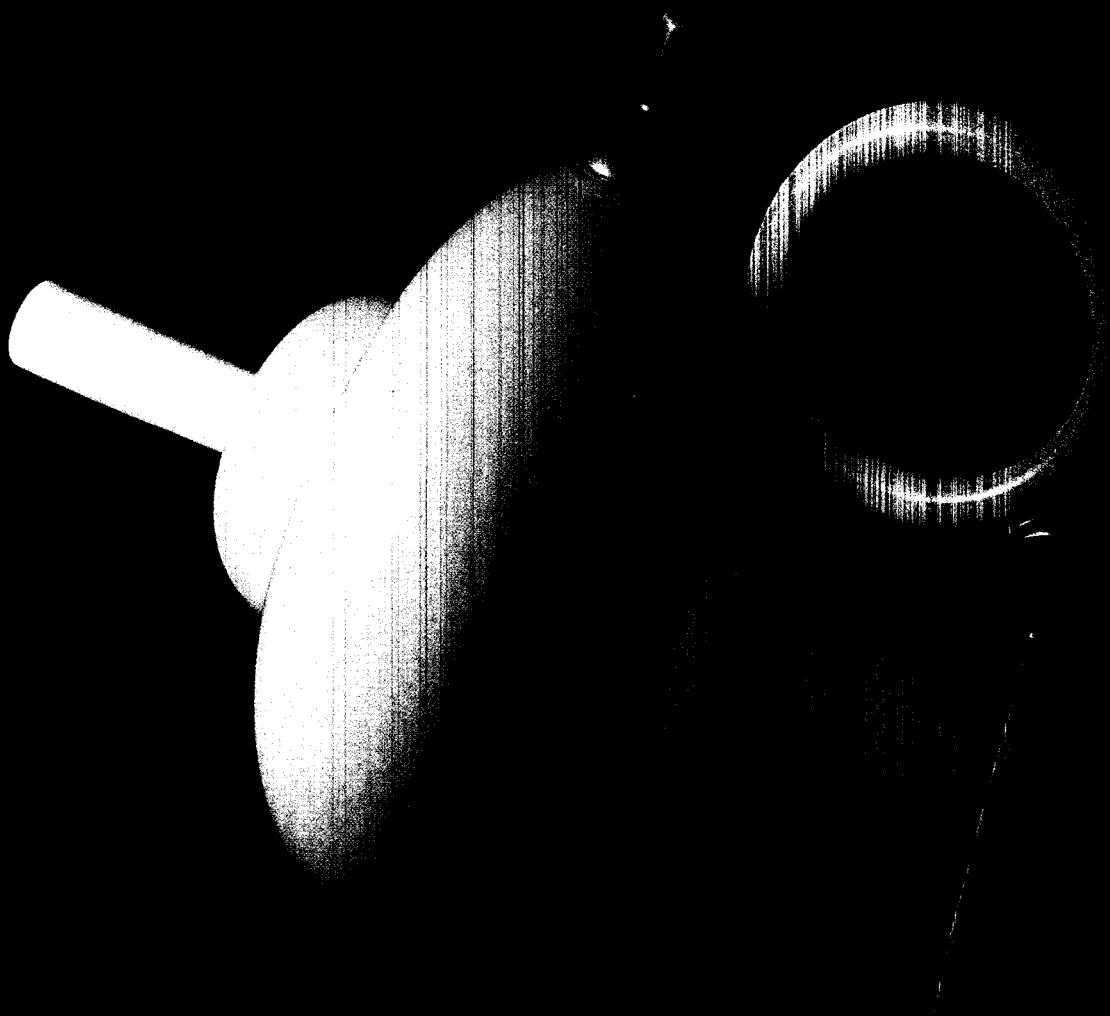
MEMPHIS

Memphis, named for the American birthplace of rock and roll, is a group of approximately thirty artists, architects and designers. It was founded in Milan in 1981 by Ettore Sottsass. In addition to some Memphis classics, we show, for the first time in the United States, selections from their latest collection. Readers interested in Memphis should consult the definitive study: *Memphis* by Barbara Radice (Rizzoli, $35).



COLORADO, TEAPOT
MARCO ZANINI

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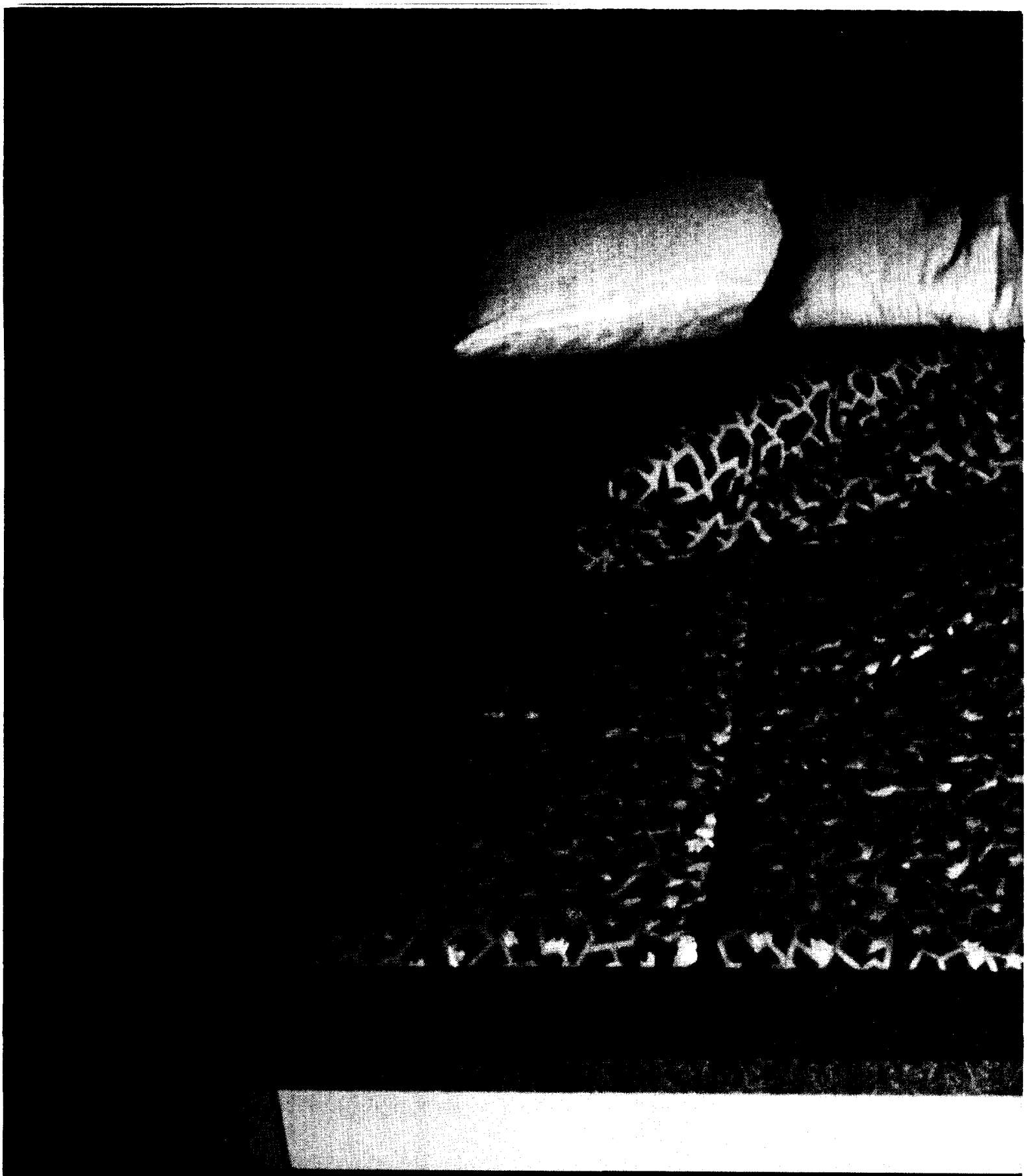

CHELSEA, BED
GEORGE JAMES SOWDEN

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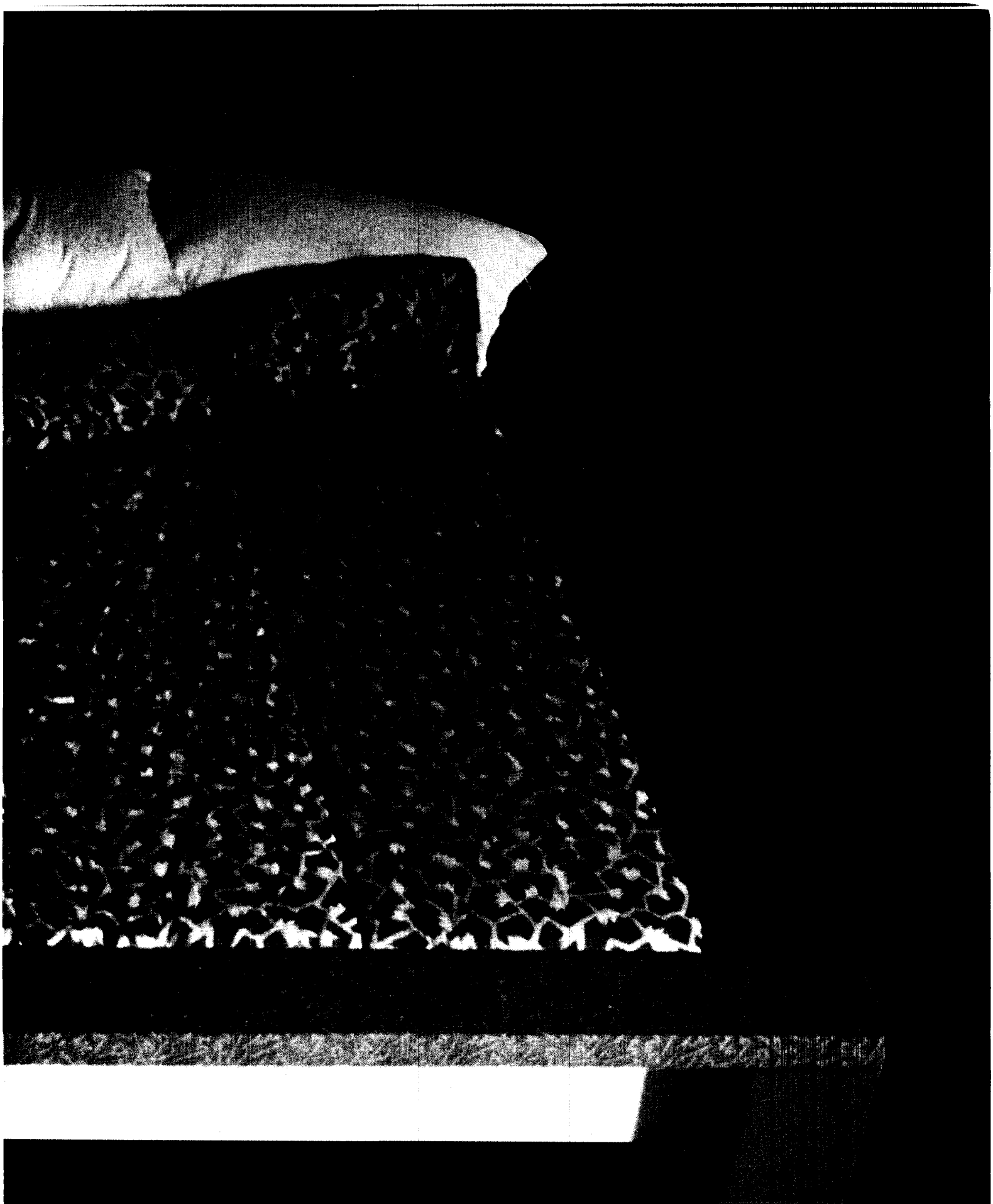

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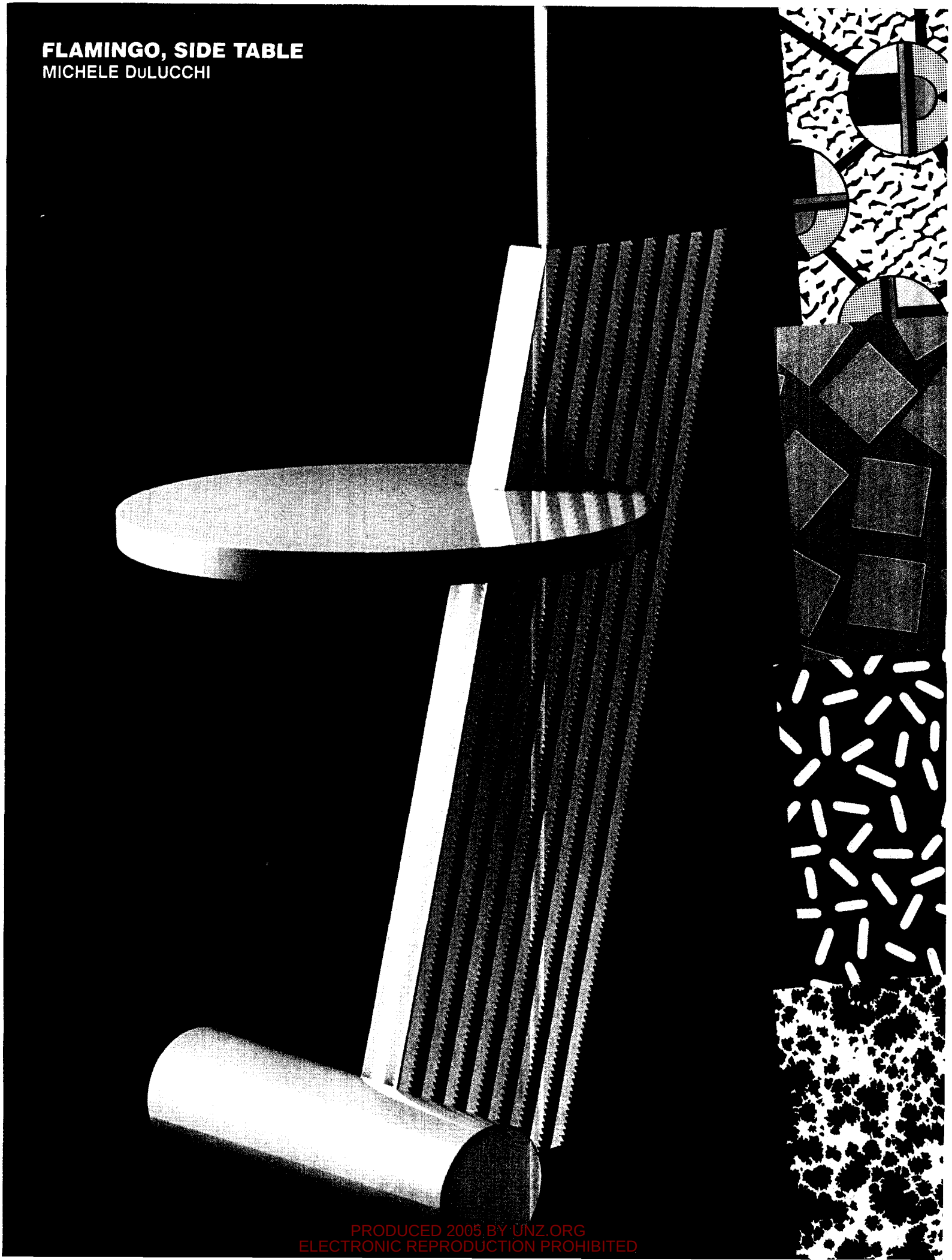
FLAMINGO, SIDE TABLE
MICHELE DuLUCCHI



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BEL AIR, CHAIR
PETER SHIRE

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THE TWO

HAND-COLORING BY MARIA KRAJCIROVIC

A HOLLYWOOD TRAGEDY

Eva von Berne

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GARBOS

By Hubert Voight with Larry Engelmann

Greta Garbo

DURING MY FIVE-YEAR STINT as a junior executive in the publicity department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in New York in the late 1920s, I helped invent, manipulate and manage the publicity campaigns for many of the greatest movie stars of all time.

MGM's slogan—"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"—dreamed up by the head of publicity, Howard Dietz, seemed only a slight exaggeration since Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, John Gilbert, Lon Chaney, Carole Lombard, Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Buster Keaton, Mae Murray, Rene Adoree, Marie Dressler, Francis X. Bushman and Ramon Navarro were all with MGM.

Presiding over our stellar assemblage at the studio in Culver City, California, was Louis M. Mayer, vice president and general manager of MGM. Mayer's talented young assistant was production chief Irving Thalberg, who was known in the industry as the "boy genius."

Mayer enjoyed and carefully cultivated a reputation for the ability to recognize that trait known as "star quality." His greatest find, it is widely known, was Greta Garbo, who became the studio's biggest star. Mayer, characteristically, took most of the credit for recognizing her potential and for making her a star.

Garbo's discovery is really just another Hollywood fable. Mayer, Thalberg and all of the other top brass at MGM had absolutely no faith in her when she arrived in America in 1925.

What movie historians have almost completely ignored is the tragic story of the so-called "Second Garbo." I am one of the few people who can tell it because I was given the job of publicizing each of them.

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I FIRST HEARD THE NAME GRETA GARBO when Howard Dietz called me into his office one afternoon in late June of 1925 and told me that Mayer had signed a new director—"the D. W. Griffith of Swedish film"—named Mauritz Stiller. Stiller was scheduled to arrive in New York in July. He was bringing with him, Dietz complained, "some excess baggage" in the form of "somebody called Greta Garbo." In order to get the great director, Mayer had been forced to sign Garbo, Stiller's protege and constant companion.

Dietz said, "You know, I just hate that name—Garbo. It reminds me of garbage. So see if you can come up with something better for her."

I was to escort Stiller and Garbo around New York for several weeks until they departed for California, and to get as much publicity for them as I could without spending money for it. He also insisted that they were to pay all of their own expenses. I later learned that the studio had even billed them for the interpreter that accompanied us on some of our outings.

When I asked what Garbo looked like, Dietz replied, "How in the hell should I know." Since we had no pictures of Garbo, I composed a press release saying "On July 5th, MGM's newest star, Miss Greta Garbo, the Norma Shearer of Sweden, will arrive in New York City." Everybody knew what Norma Shearer looked like. As it turned out, Garbo looked no more like Norma than I did.

Everyone fully expected Garbo to fail as an actress. Nick Schenck, the president of MGM, said he was too busy even to meet her. Dietz said Garbo's hairdo looked "as casual as a drunken driver's."

Major Edward Bowes, one of the studio vice presidents, whispered one day, "My, what an awkward girl she is! What a peasant type. She'll never live out that contract. The studio will have her back here in six months and on her way home to Sweden."

Bowes was wrong, of course. Eighteen months later, Garbo had completed three hit movies and was making $2000 per week with MGM.

THERE WAS A RACE AT MGM TO SEE WHO could come up with "the next Garbo."

In 1928, while Thalberg was in Vienna (on his honeymoon with Norma Shearer) he spotted a sixteen-year-old Austrian dancer named Eva von Plentzner. "This

Pretty Eva von Berne arrived in Hollywood too heavy and untalented. Insets show how the wishful thinkers at MGM managed to trim unwanted pounds from Eva's hips, thighs and bust through the miracle of modern photography.

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg

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© MGM

Eva von Berne

Greta Garbo

girl has it!" Thalberg announced, and Shearer agreed with him.

A few days later the New York publicity office of MGM received a lengthy telegram from Vienna informing us that "Mr. Thalberg is bringing back a future MGM star. Her name is Eva von Plentzner. Suggest you change the name now."

Dietz called a meeting of the entire publicity staff and we talked about changing Eva's name. Someone thought that since Thalberg had discovered her it might be nice to name her after him—say, Eva Irving or Eva Thalberg. We also tried Eva Shearer. Finally we decided to name her after another studio executive, Paul Bern (who eventually became the husband of Jean Harlow). We kept the first name and the aristocratic "von," and added an "e" to the end. And so we introduced Eva von Berne to the American public.

Howard Dietz told all of us, "Now we want to do everything right this time"—he remembered his mistake in the Garbo arrival. "We've quite obviously got another Garbo here. Maybe even bigger than Garbo! Voight, you handle the publicity again. But this time, the sky's the limit. Spend all you need. But get her in the papers. All the papers. She's gonna be a star!"

I spent money on her like a drunken sailor and I introduced her to every one of the studio's executives in New York. There were daily press conferences and parties every night, and I got an unbelievable amount of space in the newspapers and the movie magazines. And she really was a beautiful young woman: a sweet, bashful ingenue.

Her first film was entitled *Masks of the Devil*, starring John Gilbert and Alma Rubens, two of our biggest stars. When the filming started, it became obvious to everyone that something was terribly wrong.

Irving and Norma and everyone else at MGM had overlooked one very important thing. We had all *assumed* that Eva could act. We had assumed, I am afraid, that anybody could act. But Eva von Berne could not act. She could not act worth sour apples. She could not take direction and she could not emote and she could not move right. She seemed wooden and she looked heavy.

So, after only a few days on the set, MGM decided to take her off the picture. Eva was utterly traumatized.

John Gilbert insisted that all of the people on the picture work with her to get her another chance. Jack really had a good heart. He got the make-up people and the wardrobe people and everyone else who could help her to pitch in. Although they made Eva look a bit thinner, they could not correct the basic problem—her total inability to follow direction and to act. She was just too self-conscious and restrained. When all of the physical things had been corrected, her problem was clearly inside. She was without talent.

When all of the physical things had been corrected, her problem was clearly inside. She was without talent.

Thalberg did give her another chance and she did finish the film. But when the movie was completed, she was not assigned to another picture, and when her contract expired six months later, the studio dropped her. MGM bought her a train ticket to New York and a boat ticket to Europe. They kissed her goodbye and wrote her off as a monumental mistake.

I met Eva at the train station in New York. MGM wanted no fanfare. They had booked Eva on a ship that was leaving the same night her train arrived, because they didn't want to spend any money on hotel rooms or on meals. They had booked her on a little North German cabin ship so she could return home in the cheapest way possible. It was, I felt, very shabby treatment.

Continued on page 59

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MATT GROENING

by Lisa Kinoshita

© LARRY SHUM

IN A HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT BUILDING, Matt Groening feverishly chronicles the vicissitudes and surreal texture of life in the big city. For the Portland, Oregon-born artist, the City of Angels offers a gritty taste of paradise. And heaping, unordered platefuls of Life in Hell.

"I really hated it. It was very hot, very smoggy and very ugly," says Groening, thirty, of his move to L.A. in 1977. His aversion to the ethos of Lotus Land gradually evolved into *Life in Hell*, whose long-winded panels depict the existential dilemma of Everyrabbit in the struggles of its protagonist, Binky, a three-toothed, Hanna-Barbera mutation; Bongo, Binky's one-eared illegitimate son; and Sheba, Binky's girlfriend, a liberated equivalent of Minnie Mouse or Daisy Duck.

While *Life in Hell* is more intelligent and less raunchy than many underground strips, it is no children's funny. Binky is stuck in a dead-end job, Bongo in the Clearasil-stained nightmare of adolescence, and Sheba, with Binky, shares a grocery list of sexual problems that do their species no credit. Like *Esquire* cartoonist Lynda Barry, a former classmate at Washington's Evergreen College and kindred soul with whom he is collaborating on a book, Groening's wit is double-edged, cutting ferociously from hilarity to painful, recognizable truth.

It's open season on love, work and death—topics presumably of interest to the hip, educated audiences of the Washington, D.C., *City Paper*, Phoenix *New Times*, *Chicago Reader*, *L.A. Reader*, and other urban tabloids where *Life in Hell* appears.

"Taboos have loosened up," says Groening with satisfaction. "Thirty years ago you couldn't do strips on death, snakes or body odor." He personally prefers drawing the underside of childhood—a stage he admits he has never grown out of.

"Cartooning is sort of like shorthand," says Groening, the son of filmmaker and *Coronet* illustrator Homer Groening. He originally moved to Los Angeles to write fiction. "I don't define myself as a cartoonist primarily, but as a writer."

Life in Hell has, in fact, been criticized for a lack of technical expertise. While lengthy episodes unfold like film footage, single panels may be crammed with as many directional arrows and bits of text as a freshman English paper. And the rabbits are, well . . . ugly.

"Many comics are overdrawn," counters Groening. "The ideas don't warrant the trouble the artist goes to. Mine are just the opposite."

LIFE IN HELL
WHAT NOT TO SAY DURING MOMENTS OF INTIMACY
ARE YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY?
O MY LORD IN HEAVEN FORGIVE ME FOR THIS VILE SIN I AM ABOUT TO COMMIT.
REMEMBER: I DON'T WANT TO GET INVOLVED.
HAVE YOU GAINED SOME WEIGHT?

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LEMON-FRESH LIFE IN HELL

©1984 BY MATT GROENING

LOVE IS HELL
CHAPTER X:
SHOULD WE GET MARRIED?
LOVEBUMPER'S TEXTBOOK
DO NOT MAKE JOCULAR MARRIAGE PROPOSALS IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET CLOBBERED.
WILL YOU MAR--
OH YES!
--INATE THIS STEAK FOR ME?
ARE YOU READY TO GIVE UP THE JOYS OF SINGLEDOM?
THE INDEPENDENCE?
THE AUTONOMY?
I AM 30 YEARS OLD AND I WANT TO HAVE A BABY NOW
THE THRILL OF MEETING NEW FRIENDS?
WHAT'S FER BREAKFAST?
ARE YOU GETTING MARRIED FOR THE RIGHT REASONS?
BECAUSE YOUR PARENTS WANT YOU TO?
WELL, THEY DID SEND ME TO SUMMER CAMP ONCE. I GUESS I OWE EM SUMTHIN.
BECAUSE YOUR PARENTS DON'T WANT YOU TO?
WE REJECT YOUR CRUMMY VALUES! BINKY'S GONNA GET A JOB AND WE'RE GONNA LIVE IN HIS VAN AND YOU CAN'T STOP US.
BESIDES, I'M PREGNINT.
TO GET GOBS OF PRESENTS?
BLENDER!!!
WAFFLE-MATIC!!!
ARE YOU READY FOR THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF MARRIAGE?
SETTLING DOWN AND RAISING A MESS O' BABIES?
AND NOW, "LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND CHILDLESS"
HAVING SEX WITH THE SAME PERSON FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE?
I LOVE YOU, HONEY.
YES, BUT DID YOU TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE?
NOT HAVING SEX WITH THE SAME PERSON FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE?
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT?
WHETHER OR NOT I REMEMBERED TO TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE
DID YOU KNOW?
YOUR SPOUSE'S HYENALIKE LAUGH WILL NOT BECOME MORE TOLERABLE AS TIMES GOES ON?
HYAR
HYAR
HYAR
YOU CANNOT SPICE UP YOUR MARRIAGE BY READING ADVICE IN MAGAZINES AVAILABLE IN SUPERMARKET CHECKOUT LINES?
How to Live with Your Husband's Hyenalike Laugh
cont. p. 96
JOKES ABOUT MARRIAGE ARE MORE PATHETIC THAN FUNNY?
MY WIFE AND I PLAY "PUSS IN THE CORNER." SHE SMACKS ME IN THE PUSS AND I LAND IN THE CORNER.
NOW DON'T EXAGGERATE TO MAKE A HUMOROUS POINT, DEAR.

©1982 BY MATT GROENING ASSISTED BY WINDY TAMKIN

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LIFESTYLES IN HELL

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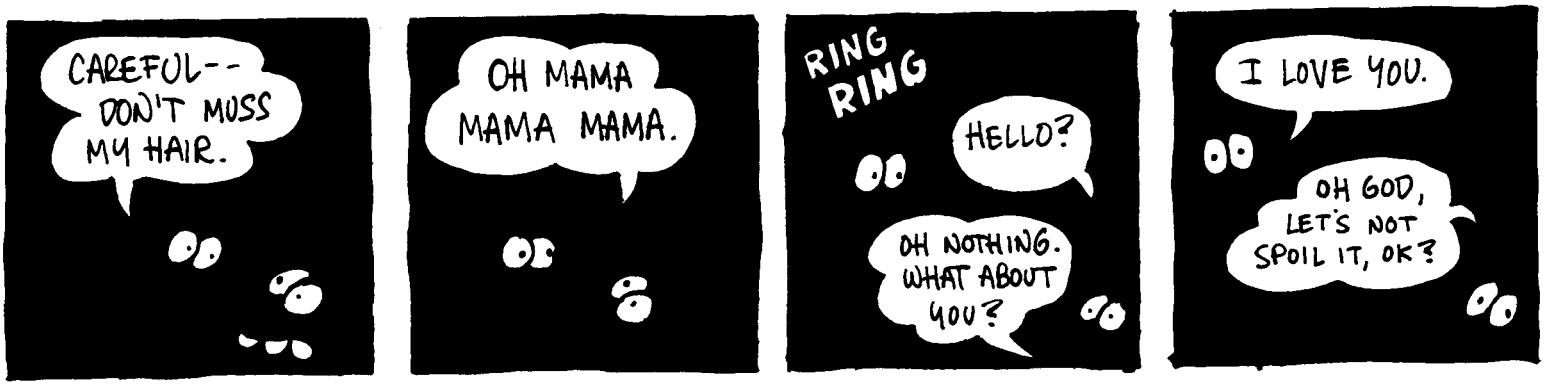
Love is Hell
13 BIG CHAPTERS! 7 DONE! 6 TO GO! OVER THE HUMP! SOON TO BE A MAJOR UNPRODUCED SCREENPLAY!
CHAPTER VII:
DO YOU REALLY WANT TO RISK
LOVEMONKEY'S TEXTBOOK
WHEN IN DOUBT ABOUT HOW TO PROCEED IN LOVE, HEED THE ADVICE OF YOUR CLOSEST FRIENDS.
DON'T LET YER MEATLOAF!!
A SECRET FORBIDDEN ILLICIT TANTALIZING EXOTIC SEXUAL ENCOUNTER WITH A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER?
OR WOULD YOU RATHER JUST READ A CARTOON ABOUT IT?
THE PROS OF LOOSE ANIMALISTIC RUTTING
1 FLEETING MOMENTS OF ECSTASY
2 THE THRILL OF FURTIVENESS
3 LONELINESS BANISHED FOR AN INSTANT
4 NEW AND IMPROVED ORGASMS.
5 MIND FREED FROM THINKING ABOUT SEX FOR A FEW MINUTES.
THE MAKING OF THE BEAST WITH TWO BACKS
THIS IS TERRIBLY WRONG
IT'S BAD
OH THE SHAME
IT'S NAUGHTY
FILTHY
DEPRAVED
WE SHOULDN'T BE DOING THIS
CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT
THE BIBLE FORBIDS THIS
NOT TO MENTION MY DAD
MMM NICE
THE CONS OF FREELY SHARING YOUR LOVE
1 GRUESOME INFECTIONS
2 UNWANTED PREGNANCY
3 BAD REPUTATION
4 PANGS OF GUILT
5 HERPES SIMPLEX
6 HERPES NOT SO SIMPLEX
7 DEPRESSION
8 CHAGRIN
9 SOME WEIRDO DROOLING ON YOU
HINTS FOR HUSSIES
GET DRUNK ENOUGH SO YOU CAN PRETEND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING
SO YOU WANT TO HAVE A SHAMEFUL AFFAIR
YET SOMEHOW YOU CAN'T JUSTIFY IT
THE NEXT TIME YOU ARE CONTEMPLATING A DECISION IN WHICH YOU ARE DEBATING WHETHER OR NOT TO GO FOR THE GUSTO, ASK YOURSELF THIS IMPORTANT QUESTION: "HOW LONG AM I GOING TO BE DEAD?" WITH THAT PERSPECTIVE, YOU CAN NOW MAKE A FREE, FEARLESS CHOICE TO DO JUST ABOUT ANY GODDAMNED SNEAKY THING YOUR DEVIOUS LITTLE MIND CAN THINK UP. GO AHEAD. HAVE YOUR FUN. YOU'RE WELCOME. GO ON. SEE YOU IN HELL.
TIPS FOR TOADS
DON'T FORGET THE CLITORIS LIKE LAST TIME, DUMMY
DON'T FORGET!
✓ BRING CONTRACEPTIVES
✓ BE HONEST
✓ LEAVE A TRAIL OF BREADCRUMBS SO YOU CAN FIND YOUR WAY HOME
ALWAYS REMEMBER!
✓ S/HE COULD BE A LUNATIC
✓ WHO ARE YOU BETRAYING?
✓ SMILE!!!
20,000,000 B.C.
1776
1945
YOU ARE HERE
2001
2525
ETERNITY THIS WAY



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LOVESTUMPER'S TEXTBOOK

- WHEN GETTING UNDRESSED WITH A NEW FRIEND FOR THE FIRST TIME, DO NOT TRY TO BREAK THE TENSION BY GESTICULATING WILDLY AND MAKING COMICAL THROAT NOISES.

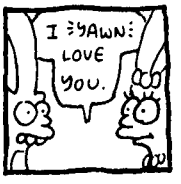
LOVESTOMPER'S TEXTBOOK

- FORBIDDEN CONVERSATION TOPICS IN BED: LOCAL ELECTIONS, SEPTIC TANKS, CHORES, YOUR PARTNER'S SHORTCOMINGS

LOVEGRABBER'S TEXTBOOK

WARNING SIGNS YOUR LOVER IS GETTING BORED:

1. PASSIONLESS KISSES
2. FREQUENT SIGHING
3. MOVED; LEFT NO FORWARDING ADDRESS

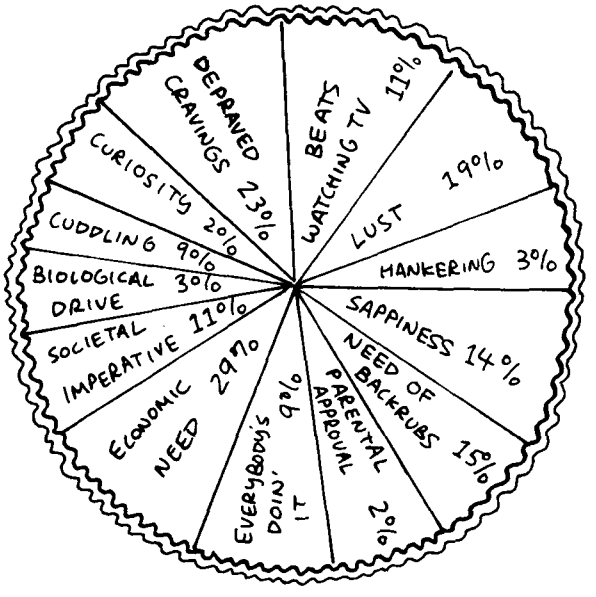


WHAT THE GREAT PHILOSOPHERS HAVE SAID VIS-À-VIS LOVE

"LOVE IS A SLIPPERY EEL THAT BITES LIKE HELL." -- BERTRAND RUSSELL

"LOVE IS A PERKY ELF DANCING A MERRY LITTLE JIG AND THEN SUDDENLY HE TURNS ON YOU WITH A MINIATURE MACHINE-GUN."
-- KIERKEGAARD

"LOVE IS A SNOWMOBILE RACING ACROSS THE THE TUNDRA AND THEN SUDDENLY IT FLIPS OVER, PINNING YOU UNDERNEATH. AT NIGHT, THE ICE WEASELS COME."
-- NIETZSCHE



THE LOVE PIE

THE 9-HEADED HYDRA OF LOVE

MATT GROENING: DETAILS OF CARTOONS EXCERPTED FROM *LIFE IN HELL*

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by Melinda Franklin

Scentsitivity

We each have our own unique, genetically-determined smell that is, within seconds, subliminally apparent to everyone we meet. The smell is either pleasant or unpleasant—it attracts or repels—and we make our sensory judgments and decisions about each other within a few seconds.

Deep friendship and romantic relationships are dependent on what scientists call "olfactory bonding."

Among animals, scent is a means of sexual communication. Animals have specialized glands that produce pheromones: substances that signal, among other things, fertility and sexual readiness.

Like animals, we, too, have specialized scent glands. What makes the odors produced by these glands so attractive? According to a number of experiments, a substance called *androstenone*, which is produced in our scent glands and which is chemically similar to animal pheromones, has proved to be an attractant, particularly for women.

Modern science has not rested on its laurels after producing Teflon. With the discovery of androstenone, our dependence on animals for perfume is changing. Several perfume companies are literally getting back to basics by marketing scents which feature androstenone as a base.

Total non-romantics may want to read the following lines from Edwin T. Morris' recently published *Fragrance*:"In terms of odor, sexuality among humans works in the following way: the woman exudes a scent that is most agreeable and strong during her fertile period. Stimulated by this, the male produces odor to the degree of his arousal, which in turn acts as an aphrodisiac to the woman. In 1886, the French psychological theorist Auguste Galopin expressed the view that 'the purest marriage that can be contracted between a man and a woman is that engendered by olfaction.' This may be a little extreme, but the link to sexuality is nevertheless real, and companies have even attempted, as with the Andron fragrance by Jovan, to reproduce some of these sexual cues. This scent makes use of a substance that is reportedly derived from a European wild boar and which smells like male sweat. The link of odor to sexuality, unclear as it may be, does exist."

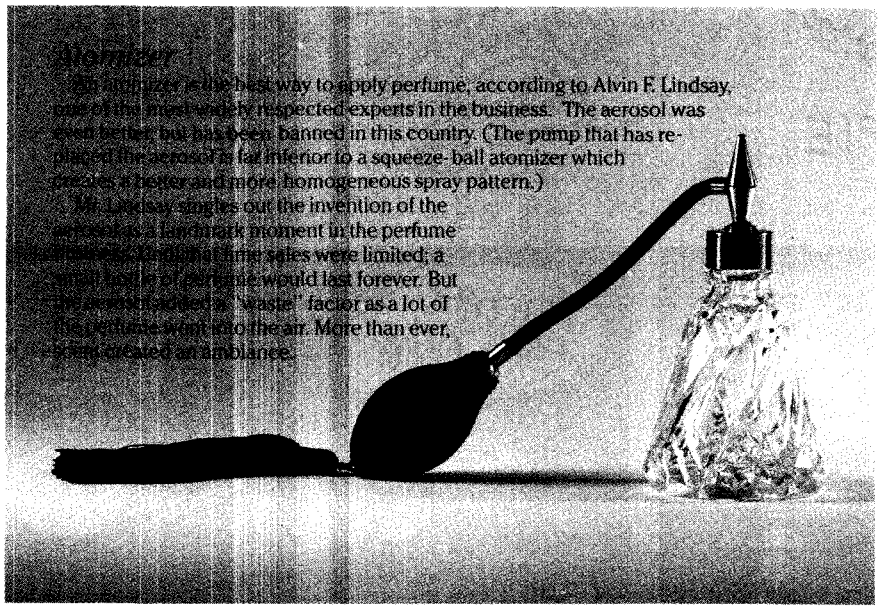
It's the Pits

While the smell of androstenone is subliminal—only in high concentrations does it have a discernible, musky odor—there are other natural body odors that can't be missed.

At many times and in many cultures body odors were considered highly desirable and highly appealing.

Take, for example, Napoleon's famous message to Josephine: "Home in three days. Don't wash."

Rather more graphic is the classic Chinese poem: "When I climb to the bushy summit of Mount Chao I still have not reached the level of your odorous armpit. I must needs mount to the sky before the breeze brings to me the perfume of that embalsamed nest!" (It should perhaps be added that Koreans and Chinese do not have scent-carrying apocrine glands under their arms.)



Atomizer

An atomizer is the best way to apply perfume, according to Alvin F. Lindsay, one of the most widely respected experts in the business. The aerosol was even better, but has been banned in this country. (The pump that has replaced the aerosol is far inferior to a squeeze-ball atomizer which creates a better and more homogeneous spray pattern.)

Mr. Lindsay singles out the invention of the atomizer as a landmark moment in the perfume industry. Originally, sales were limited; a small bottle of perfume would last forever. But the aerosol added a "waste" factor as a lot of the perfume went into the air. More than ever, it was created an ambiance.

Chanel

Gabrielle "Coco" Chanel was the first to establish the idea that perfume should complement a woman's clothing and lifestyle. In 1921, she commissioned the legendary perfumer Ernest Beaux to create a fragrance to enhance her simple, classic, pricey fashions.

Beaux presented her with two sets of numbered bottles—from one to five, and twenty to twenty-four. She finally selected the fifth bottle. Seeing an omen in the fact that her new collection was being presented on the

fifth day of the fifth month, she kept the utilitarian designation: No. 5. (No. 19, launched in 1970, was named for Mlle. Chanel's birthdate.) It was the first great perfume of the post-World War I period, and it is still one of the world's most popular.

Chanel is one of the few design houses that still maintains its own perfume laboratory and staff. It's a privately held firm, owned by the Wertheimer family.

This year Chanel will introduce a new fragrance in America—the first in nearly a decade—called Coco.

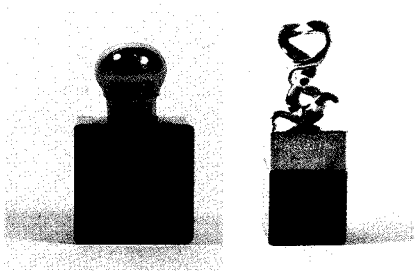
Art of Packaging

The distinctive Lauren perfume bottles are squares of ruby-red cut-glass inspired by Regency inkwells.

Niki de Sainte-Phalle is an artist and sculptor who designed the intertwined serpents rising from her cobalt-blue bottles.

The classic Chanel No. 5 bottle was designed in the early 1920s by Jacques Hellu.

Paloma Picasso's perfume is in a sculpture-inspired ball of blown glass encircled by a ring of frosted glass and carries the designer's signature in gold.



JOHN ASHTON AND JOHN GUNTHER

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Vanity Fare

A collection of scents for different occasions or moods (clockwise from top left): MAGIE NOIRE by Lancome; BILL BLASS by Bill Blass; FIDJI by Guy Laroche; CHLOÉ by Karl Lagerfeld; FIRST by Van Cleef & Arpels; ANAÏS-ANAÏS by Cacharel; IVOIRE by Pierre Balmain; L'AIR DU TEMPS by Nina Ricci; PARIS by Yves Saint Laurent; JOY by Jean Patou; OPIUM by Yves Saint Laurent.

The American Challenge

Until 1949, European designers like Chanel, Balenciaga, Schiaparelli and Lanvin dominated the American perfume market.

The first American designer perfume was created by Revlon and named for Norman Norell. It was developed for Revlon's fire and ice president, Charles Revson, whose advisers warned against naming it after the seventy-one-year-old designer. But Revson's wife Lynn wore Norell's clothes and Norell's name went on the bottle.

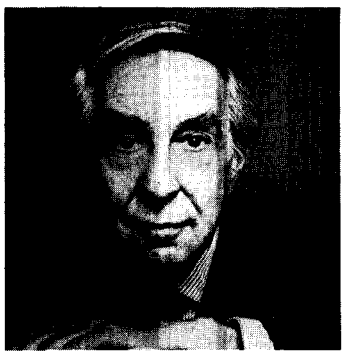
The perfume grossed a million dollars in sales in its first year—and three million the next. It is still considered a classic and distinctive American fragrance.

The late 1950s and early 1960s saw the emergence of a mass-market introduced to fragrances by companies such as Avon, Max Factor and Prince Matchabelli, who produced large numbers of reasonably priced but relatively unadventurous products.

The chief demands of this growing market were value for money, performance over sophistication, and the desire for a strong but conservative impact. In perfumery terms this meant strength, diffusion and tenacity.

The first company to respond to this newly identified market was Estée Lauder. Her Youth Dew (1953) was literally revolutionary. Its high concentration and its powerful Oriental scent marked a dramatic departure from the subtle, sophisticated and delicate floral fragrances which had dominated the market for the previous decade.

Youth Dew was (and still is) a phenomenal success. It launched a period which is now termed "The American Challenge"—not just to the established French perfumes, but to the lower-price, mass-market American perfumes.



Norman Norell

Estée Lauder

SPECIAL THANKS TO: KATHY HENNEGAN AT BLOOMINGDALES, TYSON'S CORNER, VIRGINIA, FOR HER TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE; THE FRAGRANCE FOUNDATION; and THE COSMETIC, TOILETRY AND FRAGRANCE ASSOCIATION INC.

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Historic House

In 1828, the young doctor/chemist Pierre-Francois-Pascal Guerlain opened a shop on the rue de Rivoli in Paris. In this age of romance and agreeable excess, he was often asked to create a perfume exclusively for a celebrated beauty or one that would be used for only one night at a ball. In 1837, Honore de Balzac commissioned his own custom-blended eau do toilette during the writing of *César Birotteau* (his novel about a scent merchant). A fashionable magazine ordered a special fragrance for every issue.

The Empress Eugénie was eager to encourage the growth of luxury industries in France. In 1853, she appointed Guerlain Perfumer to the Court for the creation of his famous Eau de Cologne Imperiale which is still sold today in its distinctive bee-engraved bottle.

The business grew and prospered and Guerlain became perfumer by appointment to all the courts of Europe. His clients included Queen Victoria, Queen Isabella of Spain and Empress Elizabeth of Austria.

Guerlain's two sons, Aimé and Gabriel, carried on the business. At the end of the century, Aimé sought to symbolize the coming of a new era with a revolutionary perfume: Jicky. It is often referred to as the world's first modern perfume because it represented a series of firsts, including the first time synthetic oils were used in a formula. It also incorporated a breakthrough process by which floral essences were extracted by volatile solvents, thus enabling the perfumer to obtain the fragrance of a flower in its pure, unaltered, and most potent form.

In 1912, L'Heure Bleue, named for the gentled-hued hour of twilight, came to represent nostalgia and innocence. In the early 1920s, Mitsouko was created to celebrate the wave of infatuation with the Far East. Guerlain's most famous contribution, Shalimar, was created in 1921 to capture a mid-Eastern romance of legend and history. It was a tribute to French novelist Saint-Exupery that brought about Vol de Nuit in 1933, naming the perfume after Saint-Exupery's prize-winning novel. Jean-Paul Guerlain, great-great grandson of the founder and the company's master perfumer today, has created fragrances such as Vetiver, Habit Rouge, Chamade and most recently Jardins de Bagatelle.

Up in the Air

Fragrance should be applied all over the body, because scent ascends. If a woman applies her perfume solely behind her ears, the scent will slowly rise and disappear.

The Nose Knows

In the perfume world, someone with the rare combination of creativity, sensitivity, and the ability to remember the odoriferous harmonies of at least two thousand ingredients is known as a "Nose."

The best Noses are highly sought after by the half-dozen major perfume manufacturers who create perfumes for most designers and many cosmetic companies.

Olfactory Facts

With the exception of identical twins, no two people perceive the same odor the same way.

No person perceives the same odor exactly the same way twice.

Women have a better and keener sense of smell than men.

The sense of smell is least acute in the morning; ability to experience odors increases as the day moves on.

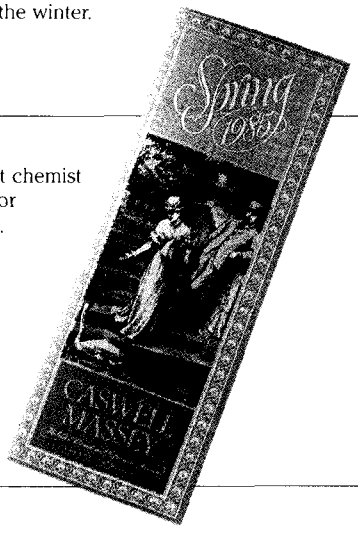
The sense of smell is keener in the summer than in the winter.

Caswell-Massey

Caswell-Massey, founded in 1752, is America's oldest chemist and perfumer. Their White Rose cologne was created for Dolley Madison; George Washington wore their No. Six.

You can order true-to-life fragrant oils from the Caswell-Massey catalogue, or buy them in person from their fascinating shop at 518 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C., and create your own perfume at home. They'll include a fragrance chart to guide your blendings.

For the catalogue, write: 111 Eighth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Phone: (212) 620-0900.



Giorgio

18% of perfume sales in 1984 came from new fragrance lines. 11% of that figure was Giorgio—the marketing phenomenon that smells good.

Giorgio is the California high-style boutique immortalized by Judith Krantz in *Scruples*. The store and the scent that bears its name represent a dynamic new West Coast presence in a traditionally East Coast industry.

Giorgio's owners Fred and Gale Hayman used the most up-to-date marketing techniques to launch their new perfume: scent-impregnated ad inserts in major magazines; direct mail promotions; and a toll-free number for phone orders.

Androgyny

Some of the lighter scents have been worn by both men and women. The original cologne water, 4711, and its French counterpart, Jean-Marie Farina, are long-time European mainstays. So is Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal.

Guerlain's Jicky (created in 1889) was intended for women, but Parisian men immediately started wearing it and it became quite the rage. Among its devotees were Marcel Proust and Colette.

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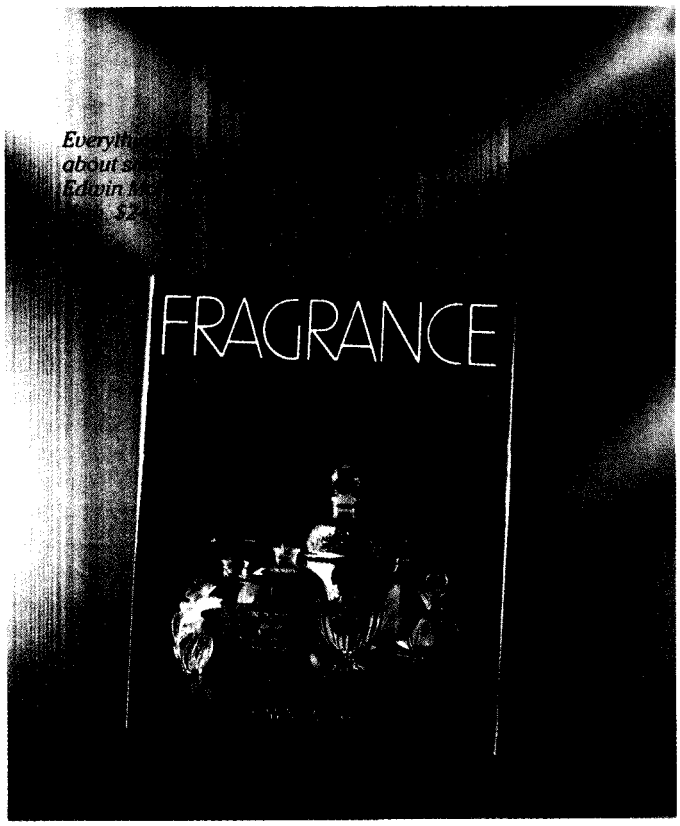
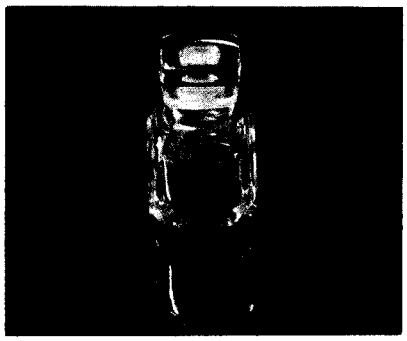
CLASSICS

Diane von Furstenberg created Tatiana Actives, gentle skin fitness products that help to make skin feel at the peak of fitness, to help women feel marvelously well-cared for. These formulas were developed to work harder and faster—so that a woman can keep her skin at its pampered best—without having to invest a lot of time. Six simple steps leave the skin feeling soft and supple.
Pictured here: Energizing Body Scrub—$10; Body Shampoo—$9.50; Hand and Body Soap—$14 for 2 cakes; Invigorating Body Splash—$10.50; Moisturizing Body Lotion—$10; Body Renewal Cream—$16.50; Dusting Powder—$15; Body Powder—$10.50

Buds, petals, herbs and spices are carefully collected and combined to produce Claire Burke's original potpourri blends. Potpourri adds appealing freshness and a special touch of fragrance to an unexpected place—a stationery box, luggage, laundry hamper—anywhere.
Pictured here: Claire Burke's original scent, Fontana, Chateau Rose and Jardin de Lune. Each $2.50





A bottle of L'Air D'Or contains a natural combination of fragrance and 23k gold chips. This unique crystal decanter is crafted in Paris and packed in a burgundy and gold satin-lined jewel case. Exclusively at Bloomingdale's. ¼oz. $95; 1oz. $275; 32oz. $8,000.

Princess Marcella Borghese introduces Terme di Montecatini Clinical Spa Haircare, a collection of products created to enhance the beauty and vitality of scalp and hair.
Pictured here: Shampoo Purificante Cleansing Treatment (crema)—$10; Ristorativo di Vita Conditioning Treatment—$10; Fango Active Mud for Hair & Scalp—$10.

SR

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WINE

by John William Packard

IN VINO VARIETAS

IF THERE IS ONE MAJOR MISCONCEPTION that I continuously come across in the wine business, it is that great wine, in order to be great, must be of a single grape variety. I seem to have spent most of my thirty years as a vineyard owner, wine importer and retailer in trying to dispel this mostly American myth, that blended wines made from a variety of different grapes are not as good as single grape, unblended wines.

Let's start with the great red Bordeaux known to our English cousins as Claret. Ask any would-be connoisseur of wine what it is made from and he will immediately say the Cabernet Sauvignon grape. Ask him what else and you will get either a blank stare or an answer of "nothing else." Of course, he is wrong. Today, for more reasons than this space permits, the great Bordeaux wines of France are made from Cabernet Sauvignon blended with Cabernet Franc, Merlot, and often a little Malbec, Petit Verdot and Carmenère.

This may seem a big letdown for some purists, but that is precisely the point of this little dissertation. Fine wine is really an omelette.

In most cases after the harvest in Bordeaux, the wine is stored by pressed grape type in separate vats and is not blended by the *maître chais* until, in his mature calculations, the time is propitious.

Here, then, is the Chef for our omelette. Without him, there is no great wine and perhaps no wine at all. With his skills lies the reputation of his particular chateau and vineyard. The *maître chais* has no credit on the label, no place on the vintage charts to which neophyte wine buyers so assiduously adhere. Yet, like all great chefs, he can sometimes improvise with meager material to compose the equivalent of an excellent meal. The next time you go into a great restaurant, think of what it might be without the great chef who made its reputation and whose food you have come to eat with great expectations.

DENISE CHAPMAN

Fine wine is an omelette . . . I could make a case for almost all great wines of the world being blended.

Having now dispelled the myth for red Bordeaux, let me go on and say that even wines like the pure Pinot Chardonnays of California are blended to some extent. As a matter of fact, if time and space permitted, I could make a case for almost all great wines of the world being blended. But there is one final point to this article. Since wine is made better by blending a variety of different grapes together, it should follow that we as wine drinkers would greatly improve if we blended our cellars and our taste buds with different wines. And the more different kinds, the better.

If ever I despair of the American wine business, it's due to the tendency of the wine merchant to try and sell his customer a complete case or more of the same kind of wine. By drinking the same wine all the time, you're jading your palate. It will become so accustomed to one kind of taste that it will begin to reject all others as unfamiliar and therefore not as good. So, when you go into your wine store next time, tell the owner you don't want a case of wine, you want a wine omelette. If you buy twelve different bottles, tell him you still want your usual case discount (generally ten percent). If he balks, find someone more interested in a good omelette. Your palate will grow; your knowledge of wine will grow; and, most of all, your pleasures will grow. SR

John William Packard is a partner in the Saturday Review Company.

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JULIA MIGENES-JOHNSON

Continued from page 30

proach: a calculated tease in a traditional belly-dancer's costume.

"It wasn't just me oozing around the cave getting hornier by the minute," Migenes-Johnson says with palpable enthusiasm. You can see her hearing the music and remembering the dance as she speaks. "It was a dance to make the guys go nuts. And it did."

It was Béjart who recommended Migenes-Johnson for the title role in the film version of Bizet's opera *Carmen*. It was another case where her voice wasn't suited to the music—Carmen's mezzo line is much lower and fuller than her high, light voice—but where mixing and microphones could compensate while her acting would make the character come to life on the screen. Which is what happened. The film is so successful that New York audiences have been applauding at the end.

Carmen hasn't just made Julia Migenes-Johnson a movie star. It's made her a sex symbol.

"Sex symbol," she snorts—literally snorts. "I look like not what I am," she says in precise, clipped words.

"I guess there is part of me that's like all of that. But I believe that one shouldn't wreak havoc. And I think that if I were to really let go there would be dead bodies all over the place. It would be terrible."

She's smiling but she's talking seriously.

"I believe if you have any dark corners in your nature, they should stay in the closet closed up because it doesn't lead to anything except heartbreak, heartache and no future. The future is in holding yourself together and going for your goals in life and not being sidetracked by certain elements of your character that may be detrimental to your work, your personal life, your relationships, and your children."

Is she continuously aware of keeping things under control?

"Oh yes. All the time. If you travel alone, working with wonderful people with tremendous senses of humor, who are fantastic, and you work very closely and are embracing and touching them, you have to have very strong convictions and believe in correctness of character. Otherwise you end up in torment and you put other people in torment.

"My husband is an actor, so when he can't travel with me I always take my children—or one child. I go out with all my gay friends. I don't put myself in the position that I am going to do anything that I would really regret, and I have been very successful at it and I want to stay like that."

She reaches out and knocks the wooden table in front of her. "So I let it all come out in films and on the stage," she says. "That's where I can let it all hang out."

Future plans and projects are diverse and largely unsettled except for performances of *Lulu* at the Met in April. There's a lot of talk about a Broadway musical, but the time commitment may be prohibitive: almost a year for the preparation and run and then at least six months to work back into operatic trim. She would like to sing Lucia in *Lucia Di Lammermoor,*

"I think if I were to really let go there would be dead bodies all over the place."

Violetta in *La Traviata,* and all three heroines in *The Tales of Hoffman.*

It will be interesting to see what happens next in a career that has somehow successfully skated between grand opera and light entertainment without losing credibility or momentum in either direction.

Julia Migenes-Johnson's career skated between these two extremes, literally, at a concert in Paris a few years ago. It was her usual mixture of opera and pop songs, with one of her usual European sellout audiences. At the end of the first half, however, some opera buffs became vocally agitated when she slipped into the pop mode. They had to be forcibly removed.

After the intermission, the house lights dimmed. The audience grew silent. And Julia Migenes-Johnson sailed on stage on roller skates. She dedicated her first song "to those who have already left," and launched into an operatic aria. SR

THE TWO GARBOS

Continued from page 49

I felt really terrible about this and I got together with some friends in the publicity department and we decided to plan a surprise farewell bash for her. We bought some beer and some food, and we plastered up MGM file pictures taken of Eva when it looked like she was really going to be the next Garbo.

We drank and danced and joked for several hours to get Eva's mind off what had really happened to her. As the time for her departure drew near, the party moved down to her boat. I met the woman who had been assigned to share a cabin with Eva and she promised to keep an eye on Eva. I thought Eva might get morose on the way home, and I did not want her going over the side of the boat.

When *Masks of the Devil* was released later that year, Eva got fairly good reviews. *Variety* said that Eva showed "some ability and intelligence as an actress," and while she had "an appealing figure," some moviegoers found her a bit heavy. She did not quite fit the stylish "boyish lines" popular at the time. Mordaunt Hall of the *New York Times* wrote that Eva gave "a fairly competent performance" and that although she was not "radiantly beautiful," she was "well suited" for the part she played.

I never heard from Eva again. Several months later somebody on the publicity staff at MGM put a newspaper clipping on my desk, without comment. The clipping announced that "Eva von Plentzner, known in the United States as Eva von Berne, died today. The cause of her death is attributed to overdieting."

I was just crushed when I read that. I believed then and I believe still today that Eva died of a broken heart. She suffered a blow that few people could live through. She had incredible fame thrust upon her very suddenly and then just as suddenly had it withdrawn. She had been the unsuspecting victim of a terrible misjudgment by the entire studio, and the boy genius who stood her in the spotlight and then, not liking what he saw, switched the spotlight off and walked away. She believed too much in the movie myths. And too many of us at MGM had assumed too many things and had played out important parts in a tragedy that still, nearly sixty years later, haunts me. SR

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TRADEWINDS

by William Cole

RHYME TIME

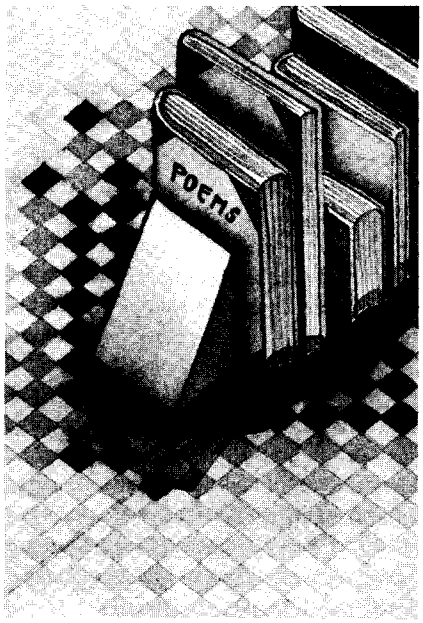
BAD CESS TO THE PUBLISHERS—THE MAjority—who don't publish poetry because those slim volumes hurt their fat bottom lines. And bless those few trade publishers who have shreds of idealism left, and do publish poetry. And gramercy to the university presses, who indeed do their bit.

But poetry in America does have its helpers. Three, in fact. And, oddly, all three are currently observing significant anniversaries: the seventy-fifth for the Poetry Society of America; the fiftieth, a few months ago, for the Academy of American Poets, and the fifteenth for Poets & Writers. Each of these has something to offer the general public, and since each is madly non-profit, I'll lay out the terms.

The Poetry Society of America began in 1910 as an outgrowth and expansion of a literary salon. It now has a membership of thirteen hundred Americans who have been certified as poets by the Admissions Committee. There are frequent readings at its beautiful headquarters, and at three university sites in New York, as well as on Long Island, in St. Louis and at the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington.

The Society sponsors sixteen annual poetry contests, with prizes ranging from one hundred to two thousand dollars. Seven of these are open to members and non-members alike. A year ago the PSA inaugurated a semi-annual magazine, *The Poetry Review*, also available to members and others. A yearly subscription is $5. To get this, or the free calendar of events, membership information, or to become a Friend ($35 and upwards), the address is 15 Gramercy Square, N. Y., N. Y. 10003. (There you may consult their library of over six thousand books of poetry, criticism and biography.)

Poets & Writers is a nuts-and-bolts organization; wherever you live, there's a poet near you who will come to read at your university, school, library, bookstore or whatever. They're listed geographically in *A Directory Of American Poets And Fiction Writers*. Or you can phone their



Fifty Years of American Publishing *is the most handsome anthology of poetry I've ever seen.*

Information Center weekdays from 11 A.M. - 3 P.M., where they have 5800 of the above on computer. They also can answer most any kind of publishing question—submitting manuscripts, copyright, poetry workshops. The organization is funded by the N. Y. State Council on the Arts, the National Endowment for the Arts, foundations, corporations, and some 350 "Friends," each of whom contributes $50 or more each year.

P&W helped 471 authors in 1983 through their Readings/Workshops Program, and the Publications Program busily puts out a number of useful pamphlets as well as *Coda* magazine five times yearly. P&W is about to celebrate their fifteenth birthday with *The Writing Business: A Poets & Writers Handbook*, forty-two down-to-earth and updated articles from *Coda*. You can get the book from your bookstore—Norton/Pushcart Press distributes it for $12.95—or from Poets & Writers for $10.50 plus $1 postage. Use the same address, 201 W. 54th St, N. Y., N. Y. 10019, to become a Friend, to buy the *Directory* ($14.95 plus $2 postage), or subscribe to *Coda* ($5 a year). Their phone: 212-757-1766.

The Academy of American Poets was founded in 1934 by a New York socialite, Mrs. Hugh Bullock, who rallies friends around as sponsors to this day. Their Board of Chancellors is composed of a dozen top poets who choose the ten thousand dollar Fellowships and an array of yearly Awards which embrace ones for younger poets, for translation, and I particularly celebrate their Lamont Poetry Selection, which supports that terrible hurdle, a poet's *second* book.

Their fiftieth year was marked with star-studded readings around the country, and, with the cooperation of the publisher, Harry Abrams, *Fifty Years of American Poetry*, the most handsome anthology of poetry I've ever seen. The paper! The binding! The six haunting wood engravings by that young master of the art, Barry Moser. And the contents? One representative poem from each of the Chancellors, Fellows and Award Winners since 1934. It sells in bookstores for $27.50, or can be ordered from the Academy for $25, postage included. Address: 177 E. 87th St. N.Y, N.Y. 10128. The same address applies to become a Member for $35 and upwards.

Oh, yes, the great poets parade through the book: Frost, Williams, Stevens, Pound, Auden, and a fine representation of younger contemporaries: Carolyn Forché, Philip Levine, Sharon Olds, Gjertrud Schnackenberg, and Laura Gilpin, born in 1950, who won the Society's 1976 Walt Whitman Award. Here's her poem, "The Two-Headed Calf":

> Tomorrow when the farm boys find this
> freak of nature, they will wrap his body
> in newspaper and carry him to the museum.
>
> But tonight he is alive and in the north
> field with his mother. It is a perfect
> summer evening: the moon rising over
> the orchard, the wind in the grass.
> And as he stares into the sky, there
> are twice as many stars as usual. SR

WENDELIN EVE

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BOOKS

Solstice
by JOYCE CAROL OATES

E. P. Dutton/A William Abrahams Book
243 pp., $15.95

Reviewed by
CATHERINE PETROSKI

JOYCE CAROL OATES' NEW NOVEL IS A story about a friendship between two women, or rather about friendship and the way two women perceive it. *Solstice*'s two main characters, Monica Jenson and Sheila Trask, are close in age and "unattached," but different in most other ways. Monica takes a boarding-school teaching job in Bucks County to forget her recent divorce. She rents a house in the country, where one of her neighbors is the local Bohemian curiosity—Sheila, a painter and the widow of an internationally renowned sculptor.

Solstice does not celebrate the usual feminine bucolic joys—sharing recipes for jam, etc. Companionship takes other forms. An accomplished artist in her own right, Sheila struggles toward an aesthetic and personal identity separate from her famous husband's. Sheila's internal war nearly consumes the nurturing, passive Monica, but her support of Sheila's struggle gives Monica a purpose at a time when little else does.

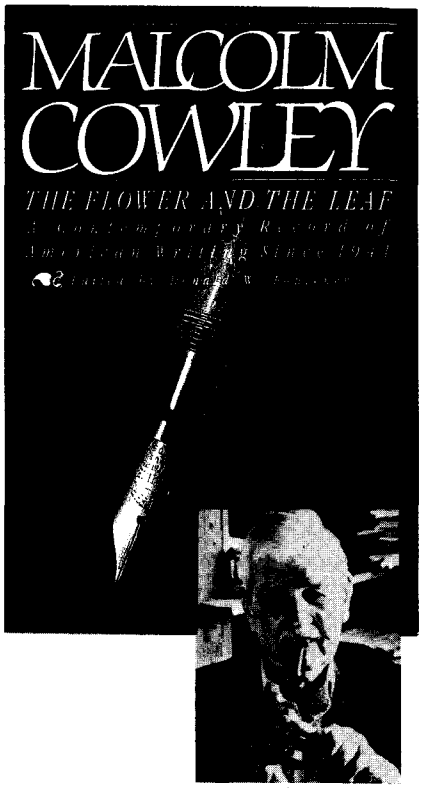
Solstice has some unexpected, wry moments, though Oates' larks often turn into vultures. Sheila persuades Monica to go pub-crawling with her, got up as working-class divorcees ("Sherrill Ann" and "Mary Beth") out for a few beers and a limited good time. When Sheila/Sherrill's teasing provokes a violent scene, the fun ends, and the relationship changes; Monica has had enough of being led. Seeking more freedom, she finds herself trapped in a labyrinth of liberation. Believing Sheila only wants to control her, Monica disregards Sheila's warnings about Win, a deranged "country gentleman," who acts on his belief that women generally want to be raped.

While *Solstice* carries a steady undercurrent of sexual activity, Sheila and Monica observe a fastidious asexual code of behavior. Seeing this book strictly as a lesbian novel requires an act of imagination, or a definition of lesbianism so encompassing as to be meaningless. There is sensuality and caring and attachment, but in *Solstice* those things are not related to sexuality. Physical contact between Sheila and Monica is virtually nonexistent.

Solstice is about inequalities in relationships and the processes of love—the altered perceptions, the shifted importances, love's paradoxical power to consume and to build. The title crystalizes the book's action—winter and summer, dark and light, destruction and construction—each alternately allowing a precarious, if brief, equilibrium. We see the action through golden and summery Monica, who is the "weaker," dependent and passive character, but Sheila, the cold, dark, obsessed artist, exerts the ultimate force.

From this perspective, *Solstice* descends in a direct line from Oates' recent gothic mysteries and romances. I am glad to see her return to contemporary scenes, to characters we might ourselves know, whose situations captivate by their immediacy. It may be too soon to observe that Oates is working through a huge aesthetic-historical curriculum, but it is not premature to say that her new book is one of her best.

Catherine Petroski teaches at Duke University. Her most recent book is a novel, The Summer That Lasted Forever.



The Flower and the Leaf
by MALCOLM COWLEY

Viking, 374 pp., $22.50

Reviewed by
CAROL EASTON

MALCOLM COWLEY WRITES FROM A unique vantage point; he has been observing and cultivating what he calls the flower and the leaf of American literary talent since the 1920s. These fifty-two pieces constitute less than one-tenth of Cowley's output between 1941 and 1982, but the quality of his work appears undiminished by its quantity. The Hitchcock of critics, Cowley never intrudes on his material; a brief walk-on part is the most he ever allows himself. The grace of his style, the breadth of his knowledge and

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the creative logic of his connections make him a writer's writer and a reader's critic.

Cowley can be scholarly, but never pretentious or pedantic. Consider his appraisal of Poe, who "stands at the exact point of transition between the Gothic romance, set in a haunted German castle, and that modern type of story in which the terror, as Poe said, 'is not of Germany, but of the soul.' " Or of Hemingway, with his "great faults and great virtues; with his narrowness, his power, his always open eyes, his stubborn, chip-on-the-shoulder honesty, his nightmares, his rituals for escaping them and his sense of an inner and an outer world that for years were moving together toward the same disaster." Of Sherwood Anderson and Thomas Wolfe, who "burst on our vision and amazed us, but then they simply kept bursting like Roman candles, with no surprises after the first pink stars."

The most entertaining piece in the book is the shortest—a three-page reminiscence of a writing class Cowley taught at Stanford. At a party at the home of one of his students, Cowley passed up what he

FIRST NOVEL

Reviewed by Susan Schindehette

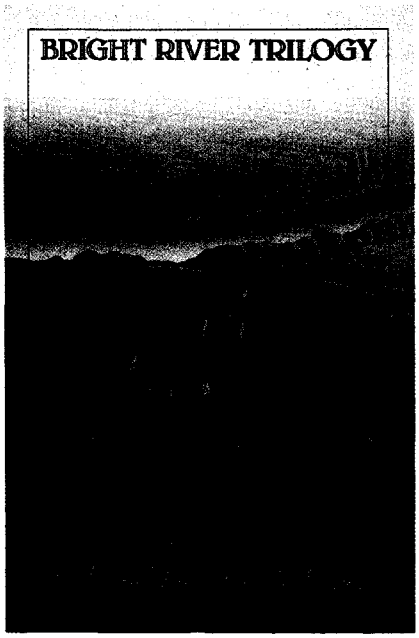
AT SOME POINT IN HER LIFE, EVERY woman has known a man like him—or else has had to dream one up. They are men who are trouble with a capital "T," who make you heartsick and never entirely let you go, yet who ultimately are important not so much for what they are as for what they provoke.

In Annie Greene's glistening first novel, *Bright River Trilogy* (Simon and Schuster, $14.95), Darcy Blunt is one of these men, the knight on horseback, the promise of grandeur in a world bounded by marriage on one side and the Bright River on the other. His is "a secret-keeping smile as if he knew more than he would ever tell." Oddly, for all of his impact Darcy Blunt is the novel's most hazily-defined character, but that is for good reason: he is the tool that Greene cleverly uses to probe the minds of the three women who love him.

Hooke's Crossing, a town of "small pretensions" where "all the streets slide down to Bright River where the dank smell of the tomb floats in the shallows with the trash," is also a place where women make accommodation with life, where status and hope are defined in the men who court them, the marriages they make, the children they bear.

Greene's trilogy is constructed through the eyes of Lilly, Darcy's mother and a woman whose path is etched by tragedy; Jessie, the ex-high school English teacher who had Darcy for a time; and Ellen, a young woman whose promiscuous sexual quest sets unreachable goals.

For each of these women, Darcy Blunt is an energizing catalyst, a potential savior and a bus ticket out. Their love for him is selfless and enduring, a touchstone and haven. "He had come into our life and become somehow an arranger of it," says Jessie one evening. "It was as if he became the storyteller of our life and through his words he set us all into configurations as varied as the stars. His affection defined us in ways we'd never thought of."



Importantly, in Greene's portraiture these are not ineffectual women, capable or deserving of no better than unrequited love. Occasionally they do see themselves only as reflecting mirrors, as when Lilly mourns four miscarried children: "Every baby I had lost had seemed to me a soul betrayed, an entrusted spirit I couldn't give a proper anchor." But they also know full well, as Lilly once says, that "my own hand in what my life has become is the only Power I have, the only face I own to offer up to God."

Throughout her finely-crafted novel, Greene interweaves surprisingly wonderful descriptions of nature. A strong sense of place emerges—not just the banality of the common, ordinary town, but also the occasional magic of it: dragonflies who "beat their wings to rainbows" and moonlight that "washed the fields in a light as clear as tears" so that "the ground seemed rubbed raw with only the stubble of the crop left."

Like the setting, Greene's characters have a naturalness and reality about them, too. They are not fantastic creations. Even Darcy Blunt eventually proves to be no more a redeemer than any of the other men in town, no more blessed than Ellen's father, for example, who rails vainly against parking lot progress that will homogenize his town.

No, Darcy Blunt wears no special sanctification, and when he's gone, the women who loved him find that the strength they need is the same they have always had. The barren Jessie worries about her future, but realizes that in the end, she is a kindred spirit to the renegade Darcy. "The aloneness itself perhaps becomes the seed of pride. If I imagine myself at the end of my life alone, I like to think that I will be a fierce old woman, unapologetic and bound to my own importance. I will dress in rags that fly like flags in the wind and let my hair grow wild."

Luck and good fortune never actually ran out for the characters of Hooke's Crossing; they were simply commodities that were always in very short supply. What Annie Greene has done in this lovely book is to look beyond the drab surface fates of her characters to see the small miracles in them. How fortunate for her readers that she is so articulate and convincing in sharing them.

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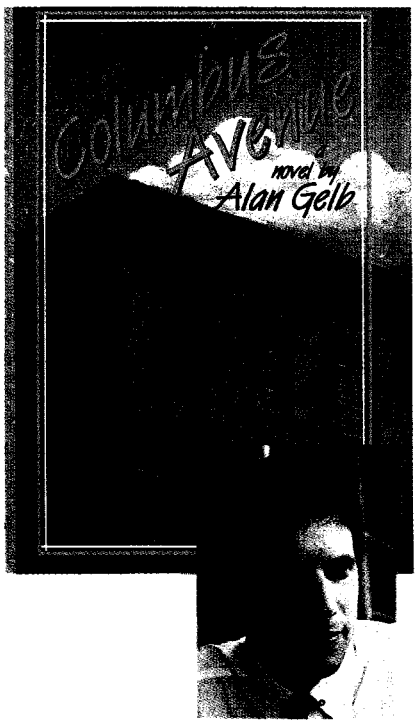
now suspects was electric, acid-spiked Kool-Aid for some bootleg whiskey offered him by the grandmother of the host, Ken Kesey. Most satisfying are the affectionate profiles of literary figures, from Nathaniel Hawthorne, whom he resurrects as an intensely romantic lover and husband, to Maxwell Perkins, whose ordeal editing the manuscript of *Of Time and the River* Cowley compares to Penelope's web: "Whatever the two men unravelled by night, Wolfe rewove by day."

Carol Easton, originally a Los Angeles author and journalist, now lives, writes and reads in London.



Columbus Avenue
by ALAN GELB

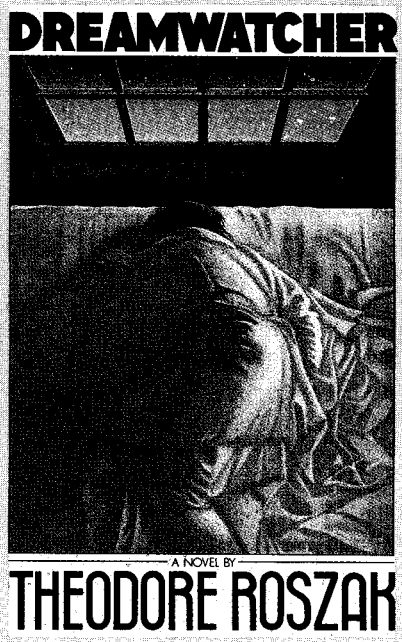
St. Martin's Press, 160 pp., $24.95

THIS IS A NOVEL OF LONGING-AND-LONELIness-leading-to-true-love-in-the-New York-Jewish-professional-class. This has been done before, to be sure, but Gelb makes it work particularly well in *Columbus Avenue.*

Michael Bauer is a somewhat repressed thirty-year-old architect who has never managed to find the right woman, despite having had various affairs through his

TELLING A BOOK BY ITS COVER

Our selection for the best recent book jacket is Fred Marcellino's design for Theodore Roszak's novel *Dreamwatcher* (Doubleday).



COR. WELLS BRAUN

The Passport Photo of Dorian Grey

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twenties. He meets aspiring actress and singer Anna Diamond. Anna, pushing thirty, is also lonely, notwithstanding her corresponding series of romances with eligible young men. They date. They date again. They have problems. And (surprise!) they fall in love.

Along the way, Mr. Gelb includes some unusual, if less than wholly provocative tidbits, in an attempt to perk up our interest. For example, Michael cannot become sexually aroused around Anna as easily as he would like to, and he therefore spends thirty or so pages flirting with the idea that he really does not like girls. He even goes away for the weekend with a homosexual clothing designer. Nothing comes of the rendezvous; Mr. Gelb apparently won't stray *that* far from the straight and narrow. Although the plot is the standard fare of modern romance, the characters do come alive and Gelb is a polished dialogue writer. Unfortunately, he occasionally gets too cute. His narrative has a tendency to adopt a particular character's point of view; the balance that is thereby lost does not compensate for the momentum that is gained. To his credit, most of the time he manages to control himself.

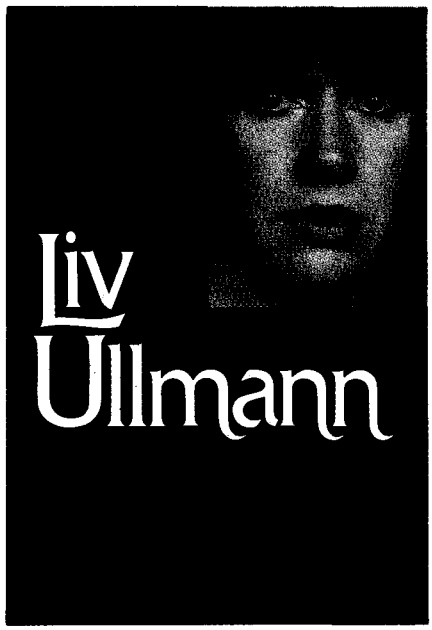
Columbus Avenue won't change the world—or even the upper West Side—but it does provide some agreeably urban light reading.

—David Robbins

Choices
by LIV ULLMANN

Alfred A. Knopf, 224 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by
LAURA MILLER



IN THE OPENING SCENE OF LIV ULLMANN'S second autobiographical book, *Choices*, the actress is sitting on a bluff by the ocean with her "old, beloved dog." She has this to say: "The dog and I have shared a meal. One big steak to each, meticulously prepared by me. Although my four-legged companion prefers her food raw, it was grilled today. Sometimes I like to do things for others in a way that pleases me."

That's fine. Except that the theme of Ullmann's book is hunger—that thousands of impoverished people all over the world die each day from starvation. And the purpose of the book is to introduce people to this misery through Ullmann's experiences as UNICEF's Ambassador of Good Will and then convince them to do something about it.

To say the least, the steak feast taints her message. But it is only the first of many contradictions riddling this book. Ullmann points out ad nauseum that her travels in the name of hunger have changed her life, opened her eyes, given her a solid purpose, made her stronger. Every few pages there is yet another example of some needy, weak person from afar who benefits emotionally from Ullmann's incredible compassion. But back on the home front, we see a Liv Ullmann whose own life is anything but emotionally stable. She struggles interminably with her real-life roles of mother, actress, lover and humanitarian. We see her blowing up for admittedly no reason at her thirteen-year-old daughter, then threatening to ship her off to boarding school. We see Ullmann putting up for three years with a pouty, unemployed lover who doesn't support anything she does. Ullmann's rationale—"Sometimes I believe the reason I cling to this destructive relationship so stubbornly is because I know that once he has gone, I will be forced to deal with pain. Alone."

How then, we wonder, did this woman deal effectively with the underprivileged, with whom she insists she curled up on sidewalks and whom she stroked in rat-infested sewers? It seems more than she could handle.

There is one redeeming aspect. In the early chapters, Ullmann describes some of her more amusing experiences as an actress, and demonstrates a surprising talent for writing self-deprecating, dry humor.

Ullmann's first book, *Changing*, dealt with her childhood, her growth as an actress and her great love affair with film director Ingmar Bergman. Thanks to its frankness, it was a fairly good read. *Choices* was supposed to be the grand next step that would launch the actress into a new full-time career as writer and humanitarian. She would be well advised to keep reading scripts.

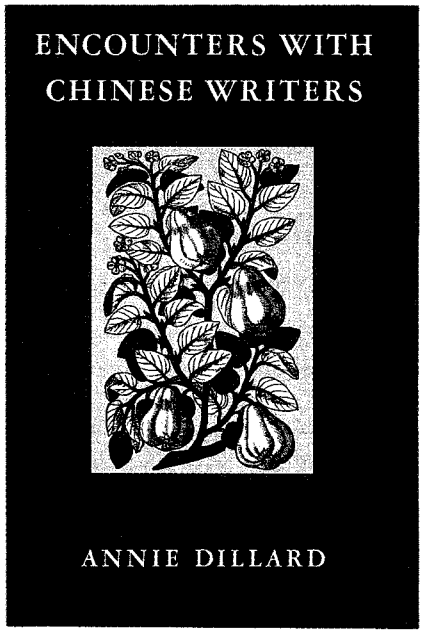
Laura Miller is a reporter for the Dallas Morning News.

Encounters with Chinese Writers
by ANNIE DILLARD

Wesleyan University Press, 116 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by
RON SILVER

IT SEEMS THAT EVERY WESTERNER WHO has had contact with the Chinese is compelled to record their experiences. It's as if they had been to another galaxy and



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were duty bound to inform their comrades on earth about the alien creatures.

Annie Dillard's latest book is no exception. It's an impressionistic chronicle of her meetings with various Chinese, mostly writers, here and in China in 1982. In the introduction we are told that the book is for the general reader who shouldn't expect more than "anecdotes, sketches, moments, from which few generalizations can be drawn except perhaps about Chinese—and human—complexity."

This modest introduction does not conceal the fact that many of the narratives are suffused with the author's bias for Western values. Her account does not get beyond the stereotypical cardboard figures of "official" China.

In the piece entitled "Saving Face," we are told of an importer's frustration with being badgered by the Chinese for the source of chrome they were buying. Reluctant to inform them of its South African origins (with whom the Chinese have no relations), he finally gives in and is promptly upbraided for telling them the truth. What is the reader to make of this vignette? Is saving face merely hypocrisy, a euphemism for lying?

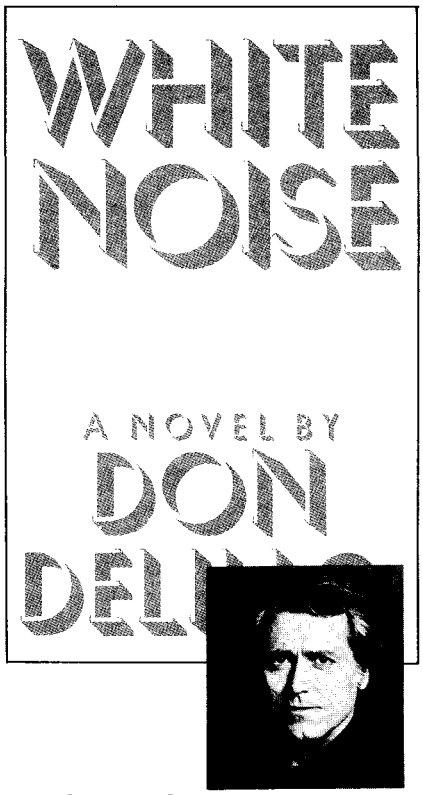
For the Chinese, dissembling to prevent embarrassment and preserve your personal dignity is paramount. The avoidance of provocation, of handling aggression by ignoring it, has well served a society where the average person has three square yards in which to live.

Chinese personal identity and security is formed by being a member of a group. A smiling public persona, being unreadable, allows you to cope with the world with less friction. A language with no words for "privacy" or "adolescence" is vastly different from our own.

The book is not without merits; keen observations about human behavior are sprinkled throughout the narratives, and the frustrating and mutually mystifying behavior between two contrasting cultures is often amusingly portrayed.

Unfortunately, this book offers all too brief encounters with the Chinese.

Actor Ron Silver has traveled extensively throughout Asia and has an M.A. in Chinese Studies. He last appeared in the film Garbo Talks, *and on Broadway in* Hurlyburly.



White Noise
by DON DeLILLO

Elisabeth Sifton Books/Viking, 327 pp. $16.95

YOU DO NOT AT FIRST THINK YOU WILL BE able to take a character like Jack a.k.a. J.A.K. Gladney—divorced both from Janet Savory a.k.a. Mother Devi and from Tweedy Browner—seriously. Nor do you think you will need to, since Jack seems to take himself pretty lightly, running the Hitler department at the College-on-the-Hill, driving his charmingly frowsy current wife, Babette, to her posture class, or exchanging flashy aphorisms with his colleagues in the popular culture department, particularly Murray Jay Siskind, who describes himself as "the Jew. What else would I be?" But then Jack encounters the "airborne toxic event," a cloud of "Nyodene d," and discovers that Babette is taking a mystery drug called Dylar, after which he has to take everything seriously. The Dylar comes in capsules engineered like spaceships that release the drug evenly and continuously through a laser-drilled hole. This might be a model for the book and everything in it, all of which revolves around man-made disaster and natural pleasure. *White Noise* is swooningly elegant, releasing its opaque insights in a continuous stream of glossily rendered close observation. As with any good novel—as with Dylar—it distances you from death and other personal fears by delivering them through the characters. It is funny. It is irritating. It is baffling. It is clever, modern and celebratory in a downbeat fashion. And like Dylar, it implodes when finished.

—Anna Shapiro

Funny Papers
by TOM DE HAVEN

Viking, 368 pp., $15.95

HERE IS A DAZZLINGLY INVENTIVE, PICAresque romance, set in Manhattan in the mid-1890s, when "war" is waged between rival newspaper moguls Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst, and the Sunday "funnies" are the newest national craze. Its main plot concerns Georgie Wreckage, a young "sketch artist" risen to celebrity as the hottest cartoonist of his day, and his comical and serious battles with the demons of commercial success. Several cleverly drawn subplots link Georgie with a tatterdemalion crowd of newspaper folk, criminals of all persuasions, and showbusiness luminaries and upstarts. Principal among them are the real-life models for his popular strip *Pinfold and Fuzzy*—a preadolescent street urchin and his (reportedly) talking dog, and Walter Geebus, the teenage drawing phenom from Hoboken, who is Georgie's admiring disciple, artistic opposite, and, in way neither of them plans or foresees, his eventual arch-rival.

De Haven plays dozens of fitful and funny variations on the theme of a strapping young country aglow with energy and inventiveness and infinite possibility. "This is America, ain't it?" intone his characters, unamazed by all the amazing adventures that befall them. The novel's texture of comic grotesquerie is occasionally over-thick, and its sedulous aping of the complicated plotwork and high-wire rhetoric of Charles Dickens seems sometimes forced. But most readers will be having too good a time to notice. This is a terrific book.

—Bruce Allen

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Very Old Money
by STANLEY ELLIN

Arbor House, 298 pp., $15.95

IN THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS OF WRITING IN the genre of crime and suspense Stanley Ellin hasn't missed a beat. He is still the master of his field. Since exploding upon the literary scene in 1946 with his short story masterpiece "The Specialty of the House," Ellin has written thirteen novels and numerous short stories. Much of his work was transferred to film by another master of the genre, Alfred Hitchcock. The Ellin/Hitchcock trademark, a diabolical twist at the end, remains alive and well (even if one of the characters does not) in *Very Old Money.*

Margaret Durie is seventy years old, blind and rich. Each morning she has her secretary read her the obituaries, as well as the current news and gossip from New York's art world. As a young lady, Miss Margaret was a talented and aspiring artist, but her promising career ended when she was blinded by a mysterious fall down the treacherous backstairs of her family's mansion.

Now, fifty years later, Miss Margaret seems about to emerge from her shell of bitterness and reclusiveness once again to get personally involved with art and artists. With the help of a new personal secretary, who is hired, in part, because she is six feet tall, Miss Margaret becomes a patron to a talented young feminist artist.

What really happened in that fall down the stairs? Why a six-foot secretary? Why is Miss Margaret going public again after fifty years? The answers, of course, are all divulged, in typical Ellin fashion, just when the suspense seems almost unbearable. *Very Old Money* is characteristically well-written, flawlessly plotted and gimmick-free.

—Theresa J. Clark

Days of Honey
by IRENE AWRET

Schocken Books, 245 pp., $18.95

Reviewed by
CURT LEVIANT

IN *DAYS OF HONEY,* IRENE AWRET PORtrays the youth of Rafael Uzan, an Israeli primitive painter who grew up in sleepy Nabeul, Tunisia, in the 1920s and 1930s. As a fine corollary to the vast literature of small town Jewish life in Eastern Europe, this book—narrated in the first person by Uzan—offers the pulse of North African Jewish life; in fact, it limns an entire era.

If one of the functions of literature is to preserve a culture, to capture the essence of a civilization as accurately as photographs or archeological artifacts; and if, in Conrad's remark, a writer must make the reader "see"—then Awret has succeeded on both counts. Beyond the sights and smells of Uzan's home on the Jewish street, the cafe, seashore and workshop, beyond his Tom Sawyer-like adventures, Awret fine tunes into the sensibility of an innocent. In Uzan's world jinns still lurk beneath floorboards and even adults ask their forgiveness.

This book offers the pulse of North African Jewish life.

Only when the Germans invade in 1942 does innocence fade. The invaders' beatings and forced labor camps wipe away mid-nineteenth century ambience. Even after the Germans leave, life is not the same. Arab nationalism and the concomitant anti-Zionism make life uncomfortable for the Jews and emigration begins.

Whose success is this remarkable book? Either Awret has fashioned Uzan's story so skillfully that we see the painter's life as though on a series of fetching canvases, or Uzan is such a natural memoirist, remembering incidents, conversations, characters and folktales in such a blaze of perfect recall, that Awret is just a Boswellian amanuensis. In any case, for this modern addition to the *Arabian Nights,* bravo Irene Awret and bravo Rafael Uzan.

Curt Leviant, author of the prize-winning novel The Yemenite Girl, *is editor and translator of the forthcoming* From the Fair: the Autobiography of Sholom Aleichem.

WENDELIN EVE

COOKBOOK CRITIQUE

L. Patrick Coyle writes about writers who write about food. Two years ago he appeared with a basic reference work, *The World Encyclopedia of Food,* and now he returns with *Cooks' Books,* subtitled "An Affectionate Guide to the Literature of Food and Cooking" (Facts on File, $17.95 hardcover, $9.95 paperback). It's a history of cookbooks that also describes and assesses hundreds now in print. Some are specialized: *Classy Conch Cooking* or *The Professional Chef's Knife.* Of the making of many cookbooks there is no end; there were 3,168 published between 1965 and 1975. How many were really necessary? Don't ask. In Coyle's opinion the two most influential from the past two decades were Julia Child's *Mastering The Art of French Cooking* and Marcella Hazan's *The Classic Italian Cookbook.* Agreed, and in my own opinion the most influential before that was Rombauer's *The Joy of Cooking,* which has sold fifteen million copies. Coyle also celebrates the food writers M.F.K. Fisher and Elizabeth David. The world's oldest surviving cookbook is Marcus Gavius Apicius' *The Art of Cooking,* first century A. D., in which we learn that at Roman banquets peacock meat was "top meat," and that Heliogabalus would splurge at his banquets, serving such mouth-watering goodies as camel's heels, ostrich tongues and—salivate away!—parrot's heads. *Cooks' Books* finishes up with a splurge of sample recipes from the books discussed, among which are "iguana mole" and "camembert ice cream."

—William Cole

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MAGNIFICENT

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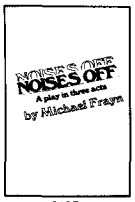

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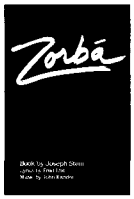

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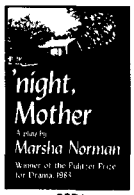

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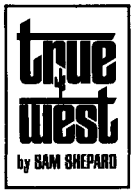

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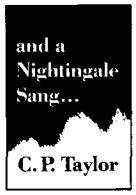

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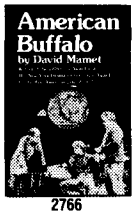

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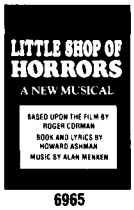
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS
A NEW MUSICAL
BASED UPON THE FILM BY ROGER CORMAN
BOOK AND LYRICS BY HOWARD ASHMAN
MUSIC BY ALAN MENKEN
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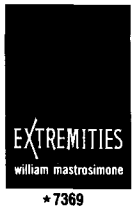

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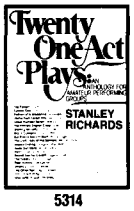

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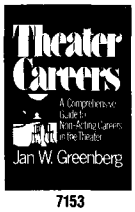

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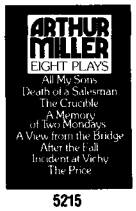

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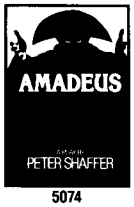

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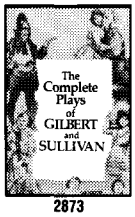

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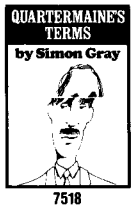

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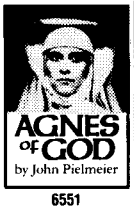

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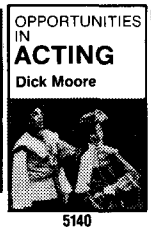

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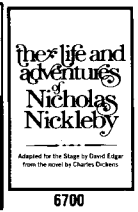

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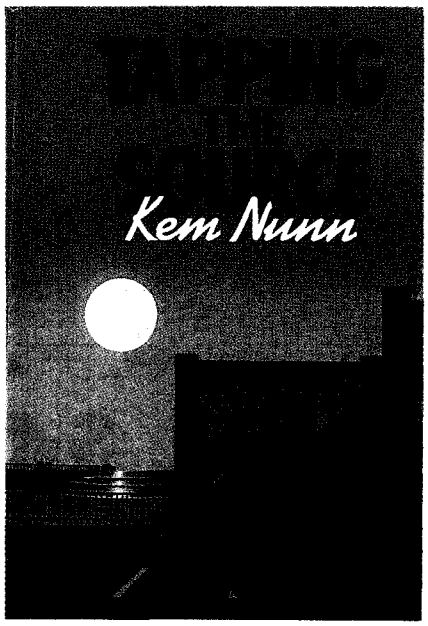
THE EDITOR'S EYE

I'M A SUCKER FOR SENSE IMPRESSIONS. I love to sit back and summon up the feeling and feelings of other times and places. One of my most vivid sense impressions is of winter business trips to Los Angeles in the early seventies: arriving at LAX in midafternoon, picking up a bright-colored Capri with a sunroof (this is, after all, a manageable middle-class sense impression), and then driving down Century Boulevard to the San Diego Freeway with the windows open to the warm air and KNX-FM blasting on the radio.

Those were still the heydays of the California sound, so within any twenty minutes you'd hear the Beach Boys, the Eagles, Linda Ronstadt, or suchlike telling about how it never rains in Southern California, or about Ventura Highway in the sunshine.



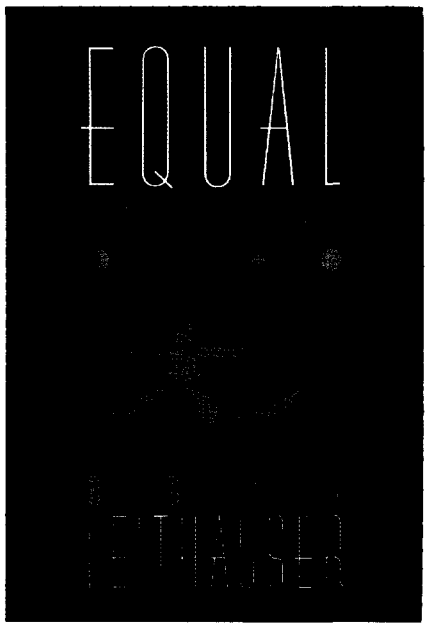
Even the pedestrian street names seemed somehow special: La Tijera, Venice, Wilshire, Santa Monica, La Cienega, Cahuenga. And, of course, the street that winds down to the edge of the continent, Sunset.

There was something exciting, something exhilirating about it—beyond the obvious liberation from cold weather—a feeling filled with promise, mystery, and maybe even menace.

A few years later I had the occasion and opportunity to live in Southern California, right on the ocean, within sound and sight of the surf and the surfers. Even on the coldest days, walking on the beach a mile down and a mile back from the pier to the last lifeguard tower, bundled against the chill, I would see them straddling their boards in their wetsuits: black, bobbing dots shifting in and out of sight through the swell and the mist.

After a few years of this outlotuslandish existence I was more than ready to come Back East. But every few winter weeks I find myself becoming a weather voyeur and dialling 714-492-1011 to get the latest beach, surf and weather report from the ongoing endless summer.

Reading Kem Nunn's remarkable *Tapping the Source* (Delacorte) brings me right back to those beach-cities days. Its teenage hero, Ike Tucker, comes to the ocean from the desert in search of his sister, who has fallen in with bad companions and disappeared.

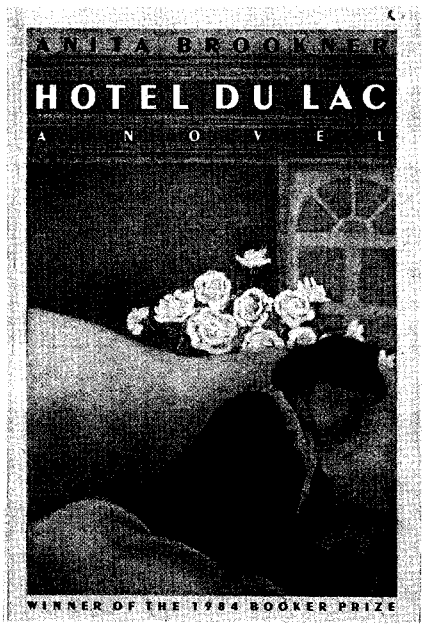


Ike sees and feels the colors and the palms and the people for the first time, and Nunn conveys his observations and experiences in an artfully artless way. There isn't much glamour or grace in the world of beachers, bikers and runaways Ike enters. Life on this particular stretch of sand is brutish, nasty and coke-induced.

The book (which was nominated for an American Book Award as Best First Novel) builds its grip slowly and carefully so you're totally hooked when Ike begins taking walks—hell, they're more like sprints—on the wild side.

What Hemingway's Nick Adams stories did for fishing, Kem Nunn does for surfing. Through the sensibility of its hero and the sensitivity of its author, *Tapping the Source* puts you there and makes you understand.

Elizabeth Tallent builds her superb and moving first novel in a pointilist way using microcosmic sense impressions. No moment is too fleeting, no sensation too minute to be examined and cross-examined down to the last filament. *Museum Pieces* (Knopf) bears out every bit of promise in her collection of stories, *In Constant Flight.* The scenes and spirit of Santa Fe and the mountains and desert around it breathe in this book. She gets everything right: the people, the places, and, not least impressively, the children.



Brad Leithauser's poems in *Hundreds of Fireflies* effortlessly and economically conveyed the sense impressions of summer nights up in Michigan. I still have one or two of the dozen copies I bought to give to friends. So spotting his first novel in Knopf's spring catalogue was a bright moment.

Equal Distance is the story of an American's year of graduate study in Japan. I

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couldn't have been better predisposed to the book. As it happened, I even read it on a trip to Japan.

But let *Equal Distance* be a cautionary tale for every young writer who thinks there's a novel in his experiences abroad. Some things need more than just equal distance before they can be transformed into fiction, much less art. From a poet who might have done haiku-like justice to the subject, this is disappointingly ham-handed stuff.

There's an unbalanced, unobserved intensity about this book that is almost embarrassing. If it's as autobiographical as it feels, it's a self-inflicted invasion of privacy; and if it isn't, then it's just an overladen first novel without a single appealing character, including the hero: the priggish, pedantic and tiresome Danny Ott.

I was in London just after Christmas, and between fighting the crowds at the sales, eating and playgoing, I bought Anita Brookner's latest and award-winning novel, *Hotel du Lac*. It's about to be published here (Pantheon).

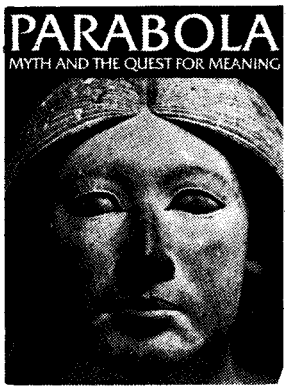
Miss Brookner is very well-known in Britain, but hasn't yet found a wide American audience. She only recently started writing fiction as an adjunct to her distinguished career as an historian of eighteenth and nineteenth century art, first at Cambridge and now at London's Courtauld Gallery. She writes during the summer and has produced a book a year: *The Debut*, *Look At Me* and *Providence*.

Barbara Pym's overbred spinsters have never much appealed to me, and I feared that Miss Brookner's spinsters would be cut from the same anemic cloth. Not so. They're flirtatious, frustrated, subdued, smart, sexy, annoying, engaging, and always well-dressed for every occasion.

In *Hotel du Lac*, romantic novelist Edith Hope is laying low after committing a shocking bit of anti-social behavior. The feeling of the Swiss hotel and its guests in the just-off-season is perfectly observed and fixed in this excellent book, whose pleasures are the greater for being so indirect and elegant and sly.

And more good news: the Vintage Contemporaries Series is publishing *The Debut* in its American paperback debut this month. SR

—Frank Gannon



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RECORDS

ROCK / POP

by John Swenson

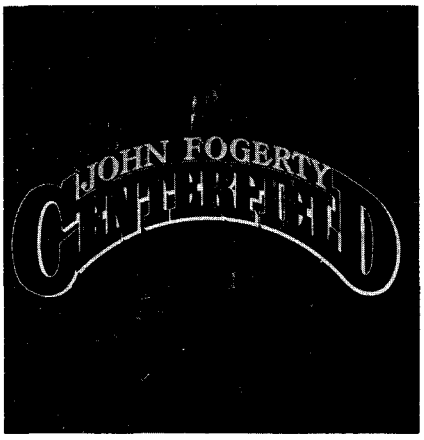
Centerfield

JOHN FOGERTY
Warner Bros. 25203-1

★★★★★

WHEN HE DISBANDED CREEDENCE CLEARwater Revival in the mid-seventies, John Fogerty could have written his own music industry ticket had he chosen to. Few songwriters or bandleaders of Fogerty's stature have simply walked away from megabucks while they were at the top of their game. Instead of turning out a product, though, Fogerty felt he had said his piece for the time being and went into semi-retirement.

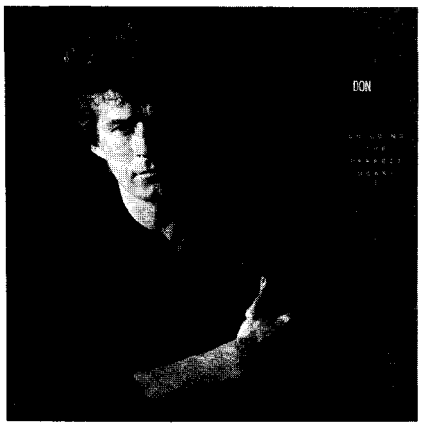
The two homemade LPs Fogerty has made since then bore little resemblance to the incisive and inspirational modes he struck in his writing for Creedence, but



with *Centerfield*, his third solo effort, the old Fogerty has returned with a vengeance. He balances personal and moral concerns deftly in some of his strongest songwriting ever.

CCR fans will find plenty of familiar-sounding material on *Centerfield*. The eerie guitar drones on "Searchlight" recall the "swamp music" that Fogerty twisted so effectively with Creedence. In the ironic piece of social commentary "I Saw It On T.V.," Fogerty accents his longing for world peace with the chords from "Who'll Stop the Rain" in an extremely moving turn. The most delightfully CCR-esque moment comes on the great hit single, "The Old Man Down the Road," which recalls any number of Creedence classics.

Elsewhere, Fogerty plies a nifty bit of Ritchie Valens-style rock and roll on the title track, reminisces about his childhood again on "Big Train (From Memphis)," tries out a semi-yodelling vocal on "Rock and Roll Girls," throws in a medium tempo rocker, "Zanz Kant Danz," and scorches the turntable with the hard rocking "I Can't Help Myself" and the frighteningly angry "Mr. Greed," as powerful a political statement as he's ever made.



Building the Perfect Beast

DON HENLEY
Geffen GHS 24026

★★★★

The Allnighter

GLENN FREY
MCA 5501

★★★½

DON HENLEY AND GLENN FREY WERE THE principal songwriters behind the Eagles' image and sound. On their own each has taken part of that ethos in a slightly new direction. Henley is the introvert, the troubled experimenter who always sees the dark side of even the brightest cloud. There's mystery in Henley's writing, from the *weltschmerz* of "Boys of Summer" and "Sunset Grill" to the comic despair of "You're Not Drinking Enough" and "All She Wants to Do Is Dance." As drummer in the Eagles, Henley's role was fairly straightforward, but on his own he can be as innovative as he likes, so *Beast* is carried along neatly by a variety of fascinating rhythmic concepts.

Frey represents the bad boy side of the Eagles on *The Allnighter*, from the stud-service sex of the title track to that paranoid jealousy the Eagles made famous with "Lyin' Eyes," rewritten here as "Somebody Else." Frey is at his best on simpler material like "Smuggler's Blues" and the patriotic anthem "Better in the U.S.A."

In the end, what's striking about these records is their similarities. Both feature extensive contributions from Danny Kortehmar and session performances from members of Toto. Though the songwriting styles are different, both writers are informed by that uneasy sense of good times disrupted by disaster that made the Eagles spokesmen for the California myth.

Kiss the Sky

JIMI HENDRIX
Reprise 25119-1

★★★★★

ONLY THREE JIMI HENDRIX RECORDS WERE released during his lifetime—*Are You Experienced*, *Axis: Bold As Love* and *Electric Ladyland*. Since his death dozens of posthumous albums have hit the market, most of them shoddy ripoffs that do little to honor his memory. Producer Alan Douglas has assembled some of the better Hendrix archive projects, but *Kiss the Sky* is the best package he's put together. The audiophile-quality pressing is a strong cross-section of some of Hendrix's finest moments in the studio—"Are You Experi-

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enced," "Purple Haze" and "Third Stone From the Sun" from the first album, "Castles Made of Sand" from *Axis* and "Voodoo Child (Slight Return)," "Crosstown Traffic" and "All Along the Watchtower" from *Ladyland*. Several live tracks fill out the set, including a previously unreleased version of Howlin' Wolf's "Killing Floor."

BRIAN ARIS © D.P.A.

Andrew Ridgeley and George Michael

ZAP!

Wham!, the British group comprised of George Michael and Andrew Ridgeley, have followed their first top 40 hit, "Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go," with "Careless Whisper," which has already been #1 on the U.K. charts. Fresh out of school in North London, the lads joined the ska movement with a band called the Executives. In 1982, they wrote the music and lyrics for their first hit, "Wham! Rap (Enjoy What You Do)." They achieved tremendous popularity in American dance clubs with "Wham! Rap," "Young Guns (Go For It)," "Bad Boys," and "Club Tropicana."

How Will the Wolf Survive?

LOS LOBOS
Slash-Warner Bros. 25177-1

★★★★

Frontier Days

THE DEL-LORDS
EMI ST-17133

★★★½

ROOTS ROCK IS ALIVE AND WELL IN THE U.S. Los Lobos and the Del Lords are part of an emerging underground of bands dedicated to returning to some of that music's basic strengths. A number of bands from the Massachusetts and New York area have established a scene in New York clubs, particularly Irving Plaza. Like the Fleshtones and the Smithereens, the Del Lords rely on a powerful rhythm section and a gutsy two guitar attack to power their sound. A little Beach Boys harmony and surf music overtones complete the picture.

Los Lobos represents the West Coast side of this revival. Though . . . *Survive?* is the group's first album, the L.A.-based quintet has been playing for a decade. That seasoning shows as the band

Los Lobos

switches easily from rock and roll, R&B and country styles to traditional Chicano music. The mix is an infectious, danceable set highlighted by exciting guitar playing and David Hidalgo's soulful vocals.

"WHEN DID I DECIDE TO BECOME A COWBOY? I THOUGHT WE WERE DOCTORS."

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SHE IS THE ONE

She wrote an "opera" (her source material was a Brownie manual) when she was in the seventh grade; she was part of a trio that called themselves The Puerto Rican Supremes, giving a Latin flavor to Motown classics; she studied classical music at Hartford Conservatory; her music encompasses rock and jazz, and in 1983 she hit #1 on the R&B charts. Angela Bofill's newest, more pop-oriented album is *Let Me Be The One* (Arista 12398).

Angela Bofill

The Cotton Club

Soundtrack
Geffen GHS 24062

★★★★

2010

Soundtrack
A&M SP 5038

★★★

Dune

Soundtrack
Polydor 823 770

★★★

SOUNDTRACKS HAVE BEEN AN IMPORTANT part of popular music since the LP era began in the fifties (*Oklahoma* was a huge hit in its day). After the multi-platinum sales generated by such seventies soundtracks as *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*, however, the soundtrack has

been treated with nearly messianic awe by a record industry always looking to repeat a proven success formula.

These soundtracks were designed to cash in on the expected popularity of the films they accompany. The best of them is, not surprisingly, also the best integrated into the film. Composer John Barry has slightly rearranged a number of twenties and thirties songs for *Cotton Club*, relying heavily on Duke Ellington standards like "Cotton Club Stomp," "The Mooche," "East St. Louis Toodle-O" and "Drop Me Off in Harlem." Though these versions don't match those played by Ellington's own orchestras, neither do they do him disservice.

The electronic music for *2010* by Craig Huxley and David Shire is well suited to the film, if not especially rewarding listening on its own. The selling point of the

Andy Summers

soundtrack, though, is the reworking of "Also Sprach Zarathustra" by Police guitarist Andy Summers, which doubles as the film's promotional music video. Toto's work for the *Dune* soundtrack is some of the most adventurous music that session group has recorded, but is not likely to impact beyond the group's fans. Brian Eno's "Prophecy" theme is the highlight.

JAZZ

Lush Life

JOHN COLTRANE
Prestige OJC-131

★★★★★

Cookin'

THE MILES DAVIS QUINTET
Prestige OJC-128

★★★★★

Tenor Conclave

Prestige OJC 127

★★★★

Tenor Madness

THE SONNY ROLLINS QUARTET
Prestige OJC 124

★★★★★

THE PRESTIGE ORIGINAL JAZZ CLASSICS SERIES, which at this writing is projected to include 180 titles, is the single most important reissue series in jazz history. Records from the fifties and sixties, some of which had been available in repackagings and some of which had been lost to history, are reissued here with the original cover art and at budget prices. The common thread on these albums is the presence of a then-emerging giant, saxophonist John Coltrane. Coltrane was a member of the Davis quintet that recorded *Cookin'*, and which backed up Rollins (without Davis) on *Tenor Madness*. *Tenor Conclave* is a blowing session that pits Coltrane against Hank Mobley, Al Cohn and Zoot Sims. *Lush Life* is some of Coltrane's first sides recorded as a leader. Each of these records is indeed a classic.

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CLASSICAL

by Gregory Sandow

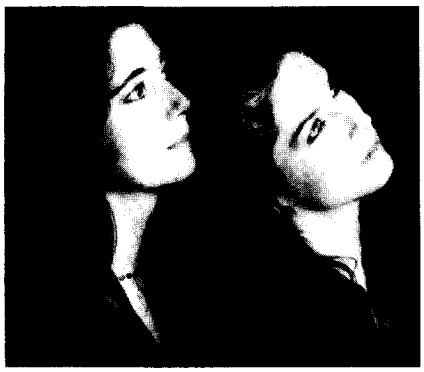
Bach: Sonatas and Partitas for Solo Violin

SIGISWALD KUIJKEN, baroque violin

Harmonia Mundi Germany, three discs (distributed by Intersound)

★★★★★

KUIJKEN'S ONLY HUMAN: HE CAN'T MAKE these famously thorny works sound easy. But he does use the kind of violin, and, most important, the kind of violin technique Bach had in mind. Combined with his own disarming but intensely serious skill, this makes the music as fluent as a song Einstein, say, might have whistled as he walked down the street. And, oh, the *clarity*!

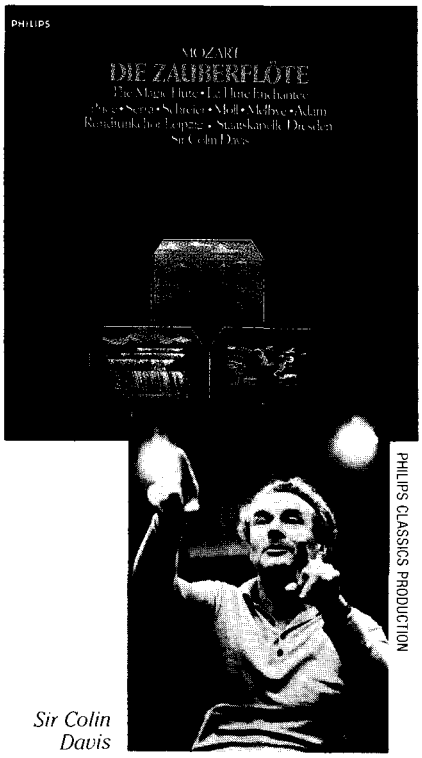


JILL FURMANOVSKY

Marielle and Katia Labeque

FOUR HANDS

George Gershwin's original two-piano score for his orchestral tone poem *An American in Paris* (1928) was recently discovered and has now been recorded by Katia and Marielle Labeque (Angel/EMI DS-38130). The score contains almost five minutes of music Gershwin cut from the finished version. Already known for their performances of two-piano works by composers as varied as Stravinsky, Mozart, Brahms, Saint-Saens, Messiaen, Berio and Boulez, the French sisters have also recorded Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* and *Concerto in F.*



Sir Colin Davis

Mozart: Die Zauberflöte

Peter Schreier, Margaret Price, Mikael Melbye, Kurt Moll, Luciana Serra, others

Colin Davis, cond.

Philips 411 459, three discs

★★★½

BLAME THE REFINED BUT FOREIGN PRESence of actors recruited to read the spoken dialogue; blame the growing distance of conductor Colin Davis from the high spirits—though not the miraculous grace—of Mozart's score. This otherwise impeccable performance lacks the theatrical truth of the unforgettable Mozart opera recordings Davis made many years ago.

Schumann/Brahms

IVAN MORAVEC, piano

Nonesuch 79063-1

★★★★½

THE MAJOR WORK ON THIS ALBUM IS Schumann's "Kinderszenen." In English Kinderszenen means "Scenes from Childhood," and that's exactly what the piece evokes in Moravec's heartfelt, unaffected performance. One of these rare, near-perfect records you're more likely to find on a small label than a large one.

Verdi: Il Trovatore

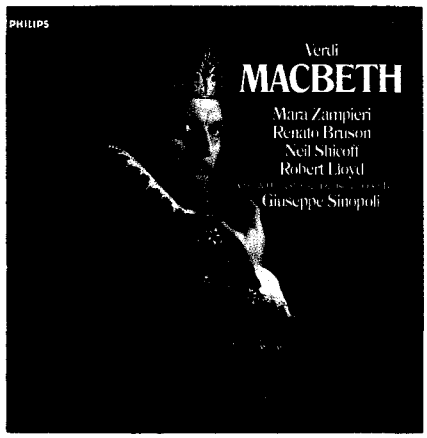
Placido Domingo, Rosalind Plowright, Brigitte Fassbaender, Giorgio Zancanaro, others

Carlo Maria Giulini, cond.

Deutsche Grammophon 413 355, three discs

★★★★½

WHEN I WASN'T DAMNING THE WHOLE ENterprise as perverse, I got chills. "*These people are going to die!*" I thought, believing each word they sang even when music that ought to blaze stopped dead in its tracks. This may be the ultimate Verdi performance: straightforward Italian opera rendered in a tone more suitable to the slippery emotional language of Proust and Mahler. It's convincing only because Giulini hypnotized himself into believing he's done just what Verdi wants.



Verdi: Macbeth

Renato Bruson, Mara Zampieri, others

Giuseppe Sinopoli, cond.

Philips 412 133, three discs

★

WHEN THE MUSIC'S FAST OUR SCHOLARLY young maestro sets world records for speed—and then he lets the slow music die. Add Halloween emoting by Lady Macbeth and you've got a travesty that even Renato Bruson's superbly dignified Macbeth can't save. SR

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THEATER

by Stanley Kauffmann

WHAT'S REALLY NEW?

WITHIN A FEW WEEKS, TWO RECENT PRODUCTIONS came along to define opposing attitudes toward musical theater. Rodgers and Hammerstein's *The King and I* returned with Yul Brynner breasting past the forty-four hundred mark on the way to his last performance of the King. *Einstein on the Beach* by Philip Glass and Robert Wilson, which had been given two performances at the Metropolitan Opera in 1976, was revived for two weeks at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Especially when seen so close together, these two productions crystallized differences on the subject of meaning.

The King and I, first done in 1951 and produced often since then, has, since 1977, been touring the country only a little less thoroughly than a presidential candidate. It's odd to think that the show was created as a vehicle for Gertrude Lawrence, with the lesser-known Brynner brought in to support her. Today the show belongs to Brynner as the nineteenth-century Siamese king, with a competent supporting player as the British widow imported to teach his children. The production is not nearly as sumptuous as the one I saw in 1951. Brynner himself is now an object of admiration because of his survival and persistence, rather than the irresistible force he once was.

The show is built by blueprint, with measured dabs of character and plot, and with song and dance inserted at carefully spaced intervals. What saves such a show is its novelty of character, which *The King* has, and its music, which *The King* certainly has; the score is by now part of two generations' lives. But because it's a Rodgers and Hammerstein show, it's further distinguished by their special gift to the musical: meaning. They weren't the first to give their shows something more than romance, but they plumped steadily and successfully for themes in their shows. *Oklahoma!* spoke for homespun virtue, *Carousel* for love stronger than death, and *South Pacific* for a democratic future. *The King and I* is about valuable interchange between past and present. We still get shows that try only to entertain (*Barnum*, *Nine*), but the Rodgers and Hammerstein legacy of meaning is very strong (*La Cage aux Folles*, *Sunday in the Park with George*).

HENRY GROSSMAN

Yul Brynner in The King and I

Robert Wilson has the power to shape theater space and kinetics in ways that expand our experience.

Beginning with its title, *Einstein on the Beach* seems to have even more meaning, but it ends by having virtually none. Like almost all the Wilson pieces I have seen, it centers on the imaginative spending of much money. He needs so much money and has such a limited audience—though a zealous and articulate one—that his work must be funded. (That's why he does most of his work abroad, where funding is easier and expenses lower.) But his spending is not Ziegfeld extravagance, it's his esthetic reason for being.

Wilson productions have scripts (by himself and others) but not stories, utterances but not conventional dialogue. Often the speeches consist of words, or even sounds, arranged for contrapuntal litany, even when unaccompanied by music. The scenes range from two people sitting before the curtain to dancers moving through open space to immense complex settings full of actors and singers and dancers. But, as with Wilson's *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin*, among others, the title is not much more than a springboard for his fantasy.

This production, we're told, has something to do with the fact that the world opened by Einstein has left us stranded (Nevil Shute's phrase) on the beach. An early (beautiful) scene shows a small boy standing on a very high structure watching the slow approach of a giant locomotive. (Everything approaches slowly.) Possibly this is to suggest the young Einstein's fascination with machinery. In the last scene a bus rolls in slowly, and the driver delivers a long irrelevant monologue. I don't know what this suggests about Einstein. In between we have seen disconnected sequences, almost all of them individually lovely: moving plexiglass cubes, a duet on the observation platform of a train, a trial, a lighted bed floating up from the floor to the flies against a black background, a cross-section of a three-story house. None of them connects organically with the title. All of them are the fruit of Wilson's particular powers: to design scenic pieces and movement and, with Beverly Emmons, lighting to shape theater space and kinetics in ways that expand our experience.

Continued on page 82

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FILM

by Michael Musto

INDIGESTIBLE

THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF AWFUL MOVIES —the ones that know they're awful and at least provide a couple of hours of pretension-free trash entertainment, and the ones that don't. John Landis' *Into the Night* doesn't know it, so it lumbers along drearily without ever generating the laughs, suspense and romance it seems to think it's generating. You almost have to admire a bad movie of such confidence and determination, but you don't necessarily have to like it.

What makes *Into The Night* even less appealing is the fact that it looks like it *could* have been smarmily engaging. A romantic thriller laced with international intrigue, it has all the elements of a droll, shimmering fantasy trip into the unexpected. But the movie seems as dimwitted as its characters, and the L.A. sleaze it deals in is served up with so little comment, the sleaze rubs off on the film itself. It's as if Landis had followed a recipe for Hollywood exploitation without bothering to watch the pot. Start with a body builder and his girlfriend stripping for each other, one item of clothing at a time. Toss in the routine frantic car chase, add one airhead starlet, kill her off, then sprinkle in some slimy Iranians and colorful street life. How about a totally demented Elvis fanatic for good measure? Stir it all up and you've got either sweet and sour pork, or a stomach-churning variation of *Romancing the Stone* as only the director of *National Lampoon's Animal House* and *The Blues Brothers* could have conceived it.

The plot centers on an unhappy aerospace engineer (Jeff Goldblum) burdened with insomnia, malaise and a wife who says "Have a nice day" once too often. As a retreat from his—and our—boredom, he becomes suddenly involved with a mystery woman (Michele Pfeiffer) in some wacky entanglement involving ancient Persian jewels she happens to have. Unfortunately, once Landis unleashes his string of clichés, that aerospace job starts looking more and more exciting all the time. Compared to his last film—the cleverly constructed and punchily acted, if basically fake at the core, *Trading Places*—this one's fake through and through. It could give sleaze a bad name.

Michele Pfeiffer and Jeff Goldblum in Into the Night.

It's as if Landis had followed a recipe for Hollywood exploitation without bothering to watch the pot.

Goldblum and Pfeiffer will never go down in Hollywood legend as competition for Tracy and Hepburn, or even Sly Stallone and his own ego—in fact, if they have any chemistry at all, it must be sitting in a test tube somewhere. It's a shame, because both have delivered sardonically entertaining performances elsewhere, Goldblum as the wisecracking hack journalist in *The Big Chill* and Pfeiffer with her coke-tooting moll routine in *Scarface*. But he can't wisecrack without the wisecracks, and without the coke, she's just a bottle-blond bimbo without any excuse. Between his catatonia and her hyperactivity, you could go schizo.

The other actors—a wildly divergent bunch that includes Irene Pappas, David Bowie, Dan Aykroyd, Richard Farnsworth and Vera Miles—are given little chance to shine, but that's not nearly as upsetting as the steady stream of directors who pop up in cameo roles. It's sort of an in joke that's just that—a joke, though it does give the viewer the chance to play a crude form of celebrity trivia ("That's not Roger Vadim, it's Paul Mazursky, isn't it?"). Be grateful for small blessings.

The film picks up steam in the last twenty minutes or so, when Landis' tale from the dark side finally congeals into a vision that's moody and funny enough to hint that this might have been the "dangerous romance" the ads promised rather than an all-too-safe soporific with style posing as substance. But by then, *Into The Night* has faded into the subconscious.

Blood Simple

JOHN GETZ; FRANCES McDORMAND

★★★★

Joel and Ethan Coen's first film is a terse thriller that plumbs the darkest human sexual and violent drives in brilliantly macabre ways. So perverse you question yourself for being so riveted.

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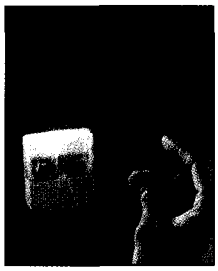
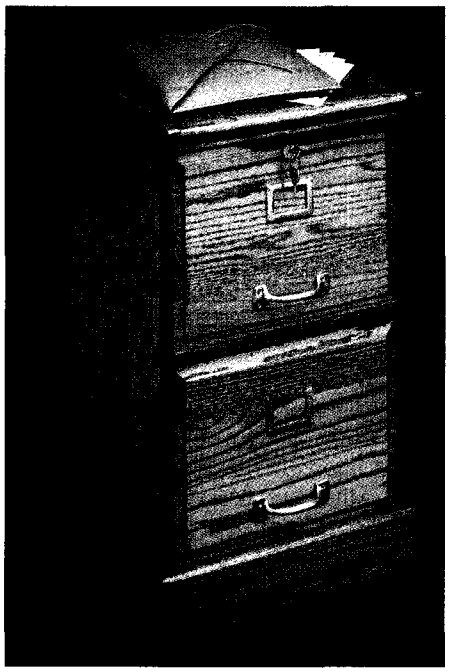
When was the last time you learned the ins and outs of a product from a sales clerk? Tools for Living gives you high information value shopping. The products here have been researched, used and evaluated carefully and we provide all the relevant information. You can buy with the confidence of knowing exactly what you are getting — high quality, good value and satisfaction guaranteed.

SNAP LIGHT



Snap your fingers, clap your hands — this sound-activated night light instantly rewards you with illumination. Photoelectric eye assures that light operates only at night, prolongs battery life. Single 9-v battery (not included) provides 1000 light-ups. Perfect on night table, next to telephone, near stairway, for closet, car or hotel room. Sound sensitive to 20'. Comes with double-stick tape for wall mounting. **$10.00** ($2.95) each, #A1309. Set of two **$17.00** ($3.95) #A13092. You'll never have to search for a light switch in the dark again!

RETURN OF THE OAK FILE CABINET



Files preserve something of value and therefore deserve the status of fine furniture. The Classic Oak File is framed in solid oak with raised panel drawer faces and solid brass hardware. Drawers hold lettersize files and suspension folders, are rabetted for strength and solidity. Solid wood, lacquer finish. Locking drawer for security with two keys. The Oak File measures 16" x 17" x ½" x 28", weighs 45 lbs., arrives completely assembled for **$159.00** ($24.95) #A1319. Even the price seems to date from a friendlier era.

ONE INCREDIBLE CLEANER

Simple Green is an oven cleaner. Bathroom cleaner. Window cleaner. Floor cleaner. Stain remover. Laundry pre-soak. Upholstery cleaner. Rug cleaner. Leather and vinyl cleaner. Simple Green is non-abrasive, non-caustic, low-phosphate and biodegradable. It has no bleach, ammonia or petroleum and is U.S.D.A. approved. This industrial strength cleaner emulsifies and suspends oil for cold-water rinse. We can send two 16 oz. spray bottles of Simple Green for **$9.00** ($2.95) #A698; two 16 oz. bottles plus a natural ocean sponge for **$12.00** ($2.95) #A828 or one gallon plus an ocean sponge for **$21.00** ($3.95) #A827.

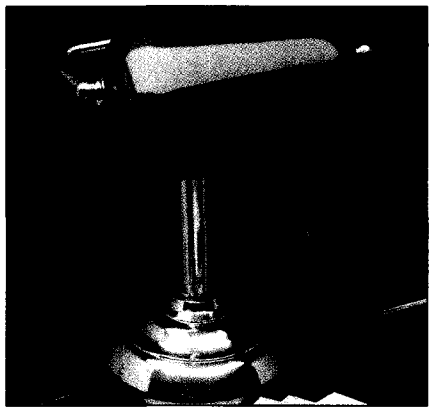
UL LIGHT BUTTONS

They are familiar household conveniences now, the little half-wave rectifier buttons that attach to the bottom of light bulbs and extend their life up to 90 times, sparing you the trouble of bulb changing for years at a stretch while you save a bundle in bulb replacement costs. But the patented Screwge Bulb Saver is one of the first to be UL-listed, meaning it has survived nearly two years of strenuous independent laboratory testing and been certified safe for home and commercial use. You'll notice that Screwge Bulb Savers reduce light output so you may want to increase bulb wattage. We are offering 4 for **$9.00** ($2.95) #A1318, 10 for **$19.00** ($2.95) #A13181, 20 for **$35.00** ($3.95) #A13182. The manufacturer provides a 5-year warranty.

FOOD FOR WOOD

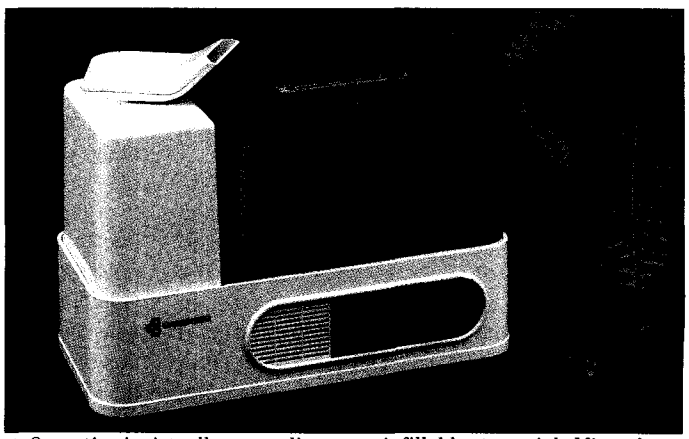
Most of the convenience waxes you buy actually dry out wood instead of nourishing it. What's the alternative? Our choice is Williamsville Wax. It is made of beeswax and lemon oil, heat-blended with other natural oils. It can be used on any type of wood, any type of finish, on paneling or kitchen cabinets as well as fine furniture. Williamsville Wax is super for restoring neglected or mistreated wood. Two 8-oz. bottles cost **$12.00** ($1.95) #A736.

BANKER'S LAMP



The classic Banker's lamp is made of solid brass, carefully hand assembled, the base weighted and then covered with felt to protect the supporting surface. The handcrafted glass shade is drawn in three stages, clear glass whitened on the inside for reflectivity, tinted green on the outside to reduce glare. The lamp stands 14" high and the shade is adjustable, allowing you to cast the light comfortably. Surprisingly the Banker's Lamp costs only **$59.00** ($5.95) #A1262.

HEAVENLY HUMIDIFIER



Here's one of the hottest houseware products of the past decade. With good reason — the ultra-sonic humidifier does an important job extraordinarily well. Using extremely high-frequency sound waves, it breaks water molecules into a mist so fine that one tabletop unit humidifies an entire 1500 sq. ft. house or apartment. Operation is virtually noiseless — and completely safe (the vapor stream is cold, even though it *looks* like hot steam). The Samsung ultra-sonic humidifier unit shown here weighs 8½ lbs., measures 16" x 8½" x 12⅔" with removable 1.3 gal. smoked acrylic reservoir fillable at any sink. Mist volume control allows selection of mist intensity and humidistat automatically turns unit on and off to maintain preselected humidity levels. Unit automatically shuts off when empty, emitting nozzle swivels 360°. **$109.00** ($10.95) #A1313.

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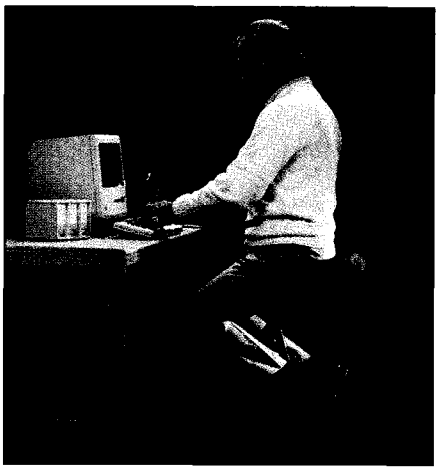
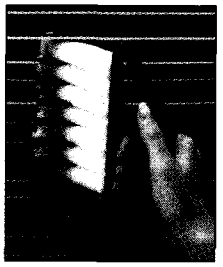
TOOLS FOR LIVING®

ADJUSTABLE BACK CHAIR



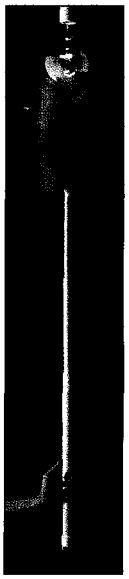
We are a civilization of desk-sitters. Yet most desk chairs are primitive instruments that cramp the breathing and circulation, stress the lower back muscles, tilt the spine, and leave us constantly shifting around trying to find a more comfortable position. The answer is not to change position but change chairs. The Adjustable Back Chair seats you in a whole new posture, opening the angle between torso and legs and freeing the diaphragm, supporting some of the body weight on the knees and lower legs, unbinding the spine to align naturally in a position of perfect balance. The body is relaxed and balanced, allowing you to work for long periods without fatigue or restlessness. The chair is handsomely made with durable plush poly-cotton upholstery in neutral rust, is equipped with removable all-purpose carpet and floor casters and adjusts to 4 different positions. Adding to the comfort is the fact that the price is well below most office or desk chairs — only **$59.00** ($11.95) #A1320 each.

7-FINGERED BLIND CLEANER

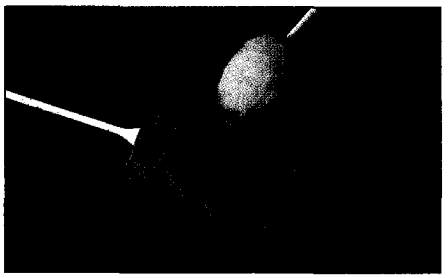


Now a California designer has finally solved the problem of how to clean venetian blinds. This tool has 7 roller fingers, 4″ long and covered with a synthetic lambswool that picks up and holds dust and dirt. The fingers spread enough to slip over the blind slats (6 mini-blind slats or 3 conventional slats). Grasp the handle and move the cleaner back and forth along the blind. The rollers can be removed and washed. **$9.00** ($1.95) #A1312. Two for **$17.00** ($1.95) #A13122.

DUST-MAGNETS™

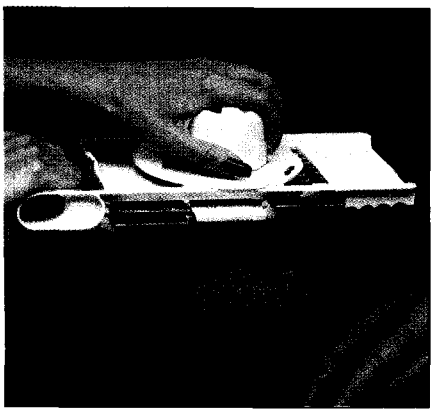


Lambswool contains a natural static charge that makes dust literally leap off surfaces. This magnetic attraction is just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal and pictures. Our dusters are imported from New Zealand where climate conditions grow the fluffiest, highest quality lambswool in the world! Our telescoping duster (right) extends to more than four feet — lets you reach high corners, top shelves, overhead lights. It collapses to 28″ and costs **$11.00** ($2.95) #A1317. We offer a set of three lambswool dusters: the telescoping duster, our popular 27″ duster and a mini duster for extra fragile objects for **$17.00** ($2.95) #A1316.



GOOD NATURED GRATER

The Leifheit 4-in-1 grater is a sure-grip food holder that lets you work at top speed with no fear of flaying your fingers. Molded hand-grip gives sure control, indentations seat the grater securely atop bowls from 4½″ to 9½″ diameter. Blades are stainless steel, store right in grater frame, and provide choice of small and large shredders, medium grater, and ground-edge slicer. The unit itself is made of tough ABS plastic, dishwasher safe. Imported from West Germany. It's the first truly civilized grater we've seen. **$19.00** ($3.95) #A1233 each.



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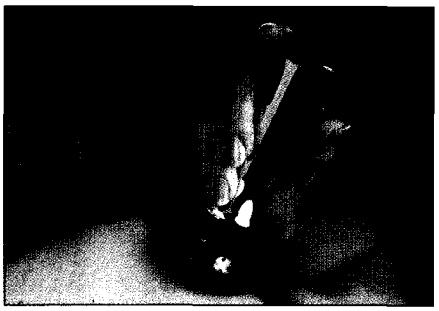

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FILM

The Breakfast Club
MOLLY RINGWALD, EMILIO ESTEVEZ

★

Five students—a jock, a virgin, a nerd, an asshole and a basket case—are holed up in detention together. By the time they finish pouring out their guts in all the predictable ways, you may be tossing your breakfast and screaming to get out.

The Falcon and the Snowman
TIMOTHY HUTTON, SEAN PENN

★★

If the two guys from *Birdy* became spies, you'd get this much too slow, but perversely intriguing real-life drama. Sean Penn chews up the scenery, and there's a lot of scenery to chew.

Mass Appeal
JACK LEMMON, ZELJKO IVANEK

★

What on Broadway was a serviceable vehicle for two actors, on the big screen reveals all its cracks and crassness. The battle between an old codger priest and a rebellious young seminarian becomes an excuse to milk cheap laughs out of religion. All involved will pay penance for this for a long time.

Mrs. Soffel
DIANE KEATON, MEL GIBSON

★★★★

As a prison inmate, the wisest thing to do is fall in love with the warden's wife and convince her to help you escape—exactly what Mel Gibson's character does in this romantic version of a true story. If you're Australian director Gillian Armstrong, you do the film in a fastidiously artsy tone that verges on being suffocating, but is ultimately very impressive. You win more awards this way.

Nineteen Eighty-Four
JOHN HURT, RICHARD BURTON

★★

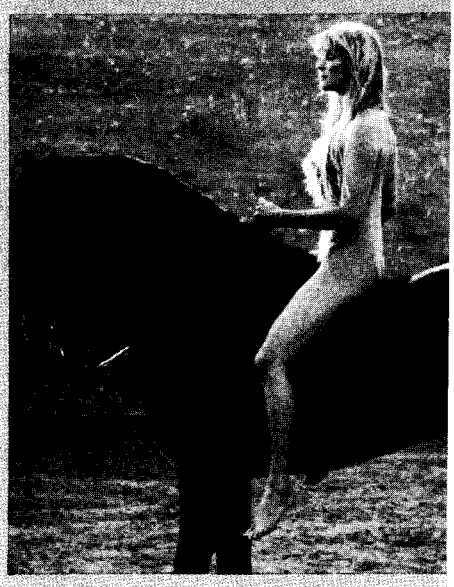
A year late—but that's the least of this film's problems. In adapting Orwell's classic, director Michael Radford has come up with tons of visual style surrounding the still-devastating message, but a pace so torturous that when Hurt, that king of pain, is strung up on a rack, you know exactly how he must feel.

The Purple Rose of Cairo
MIA FARROW, JEFF DANIELS

★★

Woody Allen's slight, sentimental tribute to the magic of the movies is an affectionate little fantasy, but the premise—a movie character steps off the screen and becomes involved with a devoted moviegoer—is stretched so thin you're left wishing some more of that movie magic had rubbed off on this one.

Richard Gere and Diane Lane in The Cotton Club



Bo Derek in Bolero

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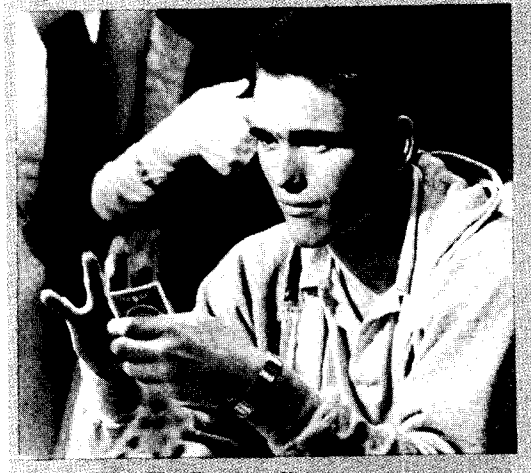
STATUTORY RAPE

Paul McCartney in Give My Regards to Broad Street



Matt Dillon in The Flamingo Kid

HANDICAPPING THE OSCARS IS A RELATIVELY easy proposition, but choosing the worst of the year isn't; there's so much more to choose from. So many awful films opened in '84 that unless we start giving awards to the most outstandingly bad ones, they'll all quickly fade into oblivion. And they don't deserve that privilege.

So, for worst film of the year, the nominees are: *Bolero*, John Derek's epic of adolescent lust starring the oldest adolescent in town, his wife, Bo; *Dune*, that forty-two-million dollar turkey from outer space; *Streets of Fire*, which combined the worst elements of Westerns, biker films and rock and roll epics into something that would have been laughable if you could see anything beyond the constant smoke machine fog; *Hard to Hold*, Rick Springfield's debut, which many retitled *Hard To Stomach*; and *Give My Regards to Broad Street*, Paul McCartney's film about a missing demo tape, which was actually missing characterization, plot and forward movement. It was like watching a two-hour video with the "Pause" button on.

Sian Phillips and Jose Ferrer in Dune

Stiff competition, but the rottenest of the bunch has to be *Doomed*—I mean *Dune*—because there was so much anticipation surrounding the film, and because the finished product tried to cram in such an overwhelming amount of outlandish plot that not a word of it ended up being comprehensible to mere earthlings.

For worst actor, the nominees are: Matt Dillon, rumored to be just a pair of eyebrows, for *The Flamingo Kid*; Craig Wasson, so bland *he* should have had a body double in *Body Double*; Michael Paré, a night-of-the-living-dead version of Sylvester Stallone, for *Streets of Fire*; Mickey Rourke and Eric Roberts, a double threat of obnoxious mannerisms in that method acting nightmare, *The Pope of Greenwich Village*; and Richard Gere, who faded into the woodwork in *The Cotton Club*.

The tupperware trophy has to go to Mickey Rourke and Eric Roberts, because their joint mumbling, twitching and whining added up to ensemble work that's in a class by itself—so irritating that neither of the film's two customers could even think of sleeping through it.

And finally, the worst actress nominees—difficult to pick since there were no Pia Zadora *ouvres* this year—are: Bo Derek, who put the "Bo" back in bimbo in *Bolero*; Madeleine Potter, about as alluring as a bowl of Boston baked beans in *The Bostonians*; Nastassja Kinski and Aurore Clement, who looked as out of place in *Paris, Texas* as they would be in the Royal Shakespeare Company; Jacqueline Bisset, as vibrant as molten lava in *Under The Volcano*; and Diane Lane, Richard Gere's equal all the way in *Cotton Club*.

And the winner is . . . Bo Derek for being so shamelessly inept it's a wonder she remembered her lines. Badness like hers is so extreme it deserves more than an award. It deserves a seat at the inevitably excruciating Oscar ceremony, this year on March 25. Now *that*'s bad.

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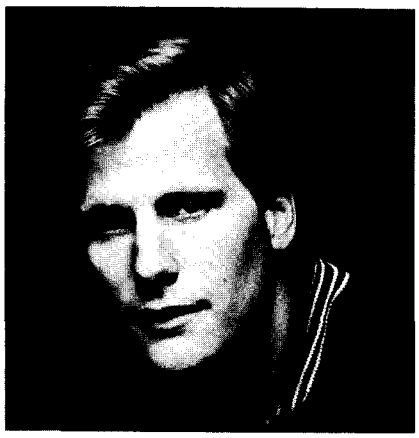


PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

MATINEE IDYLL

Jeff Daniels' Broadway credits include Lanford Wilson's *Fifth of July* and A. B. Gurney's *The Golden Age.* He played against type as Debra Winger's shmucky husband in *Terms of Endearment.* Now he is starring with Mia Farrow in Woody Allen's latest film, *The Purple Rose of Cairo.*

The Return of the Soldier

GLENDA JACKSON, JULIE CHRISTIE, ANN-MARGRET, ALAN BATES

★

Ann-Margret's supposed to be British, Glenda Jackson's supposed to be lower-class, and Alan Bates is supposed to be slightly wacky—the only state of mind that could explain anyone's involvement in this dreary exercise in interior design. Could the Rebecca West novel it was based on really be this boring?

Ann-Margret in The Return of the Soldier

That's Dancing

★★★

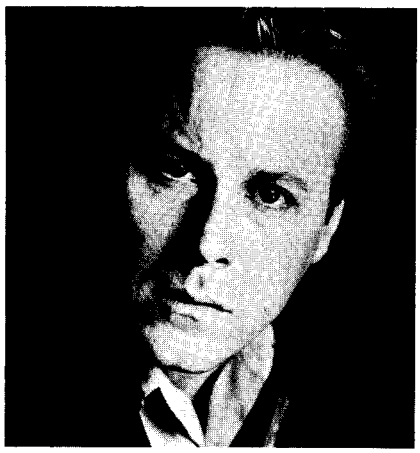
There's too much babble in Jack Haley Jr.'s movie dancing compilation—we could do without Gene Kelly comparing break dancing to the jitterbug, or Ray Bolger rhapsodizing over the talents of Jane Powell and Vera-Ellen—but when it comes to the dancing, this movie really sings. What *Terror In The Aisles* did for chainsaws, this one is doing for leotards, and much more.

The Wild Duck

JEREMY IRONS, LIV ULLMANN

★

If Henrik Ibsen isn't turning over in his grave over this slow, colorless version of his famous plan, then I've lost all respect for him.



CATHOLIC BOYS

John Heard portrayed Jack Kerouac in *Heartbeat* and starred in *Head Over Heels* which has been re-released (and achieved provisional proto-cult status) under the title of the novel on which it is based: Ann Beattie's *Chilly Scenes of Winter.* His latest film is a comedy set in a Catholic school in Brooklyn in the 1960s, *Heaven Help Us.* His co-star is Donald Sutherland. Wallace Shawn and Kate Reid are also in the cast directed by Michael Dinner. SR

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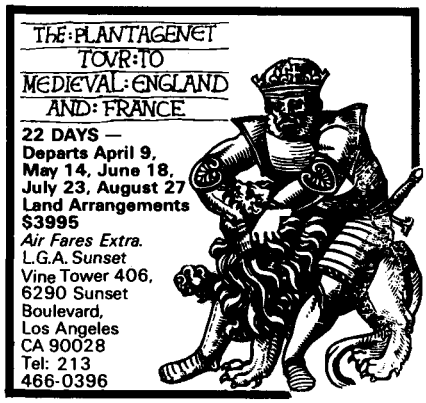

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THEATER

Continued from page 74

In this view Wilson can be construed as the latest in an ancient theatrical line, the manufacturers of public spectacle intended to ravish audiences by showing them what they could not see elsewhere—a line that begins with the mock naval battles in flooded Roman amphitheaters and continues right up through *Ice Capades*. This is not to trivialize a contemporary artist of exceptional sensibility, simply to show that his roots go back much further than Rodgers and Hammerstein's, that his work has little to do with the idea of meaning in their collaborations or in his titles. Rodgers and Hammerstein are held to be traditional, Wilson is called avant-garde. Fundamentally, the reverse is truer.

The element in the show most supportive of the title is a violinist in the pit orchestra, perched higher than his colleagues, bewigged and moustached like Einstein. He implies that we are all now dancing to Einstein's famous fiddle, even though this is not what we see on stage. This brings us to Philip Glass' score for this "opera," as it's called. That score has the effect of being too simple to describe. Often it consists of scales run continuously up and down, with key changes, sometimes actually sung to the syllables do, re, mi, etc. The music isn't melodic or dramatic in any usual sense; it's mesmeric. It helps to entrap us in the four and a half hours that this gorgeous work of non-meaning takes to roll before us.

The common tag for Wilson is that he is something new, a "theater painter." It is an old profession; *he* is new, bringing to his work (much since *Einstein*) modern perceptions. Rodgers and Hammerstein, experts in their own way, gave their musicals a décor of meaning that the latter-day conventional audience feels good about. Wilson carries forward this spectacle theater for an audience impatient with the cracker-jack prizes of plot and the consolations of explicit meaning, who want their vision enlarged. SR

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PUZZLES

THE WIT TWISTER
by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The warm ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ of Spring
awakes the rill,
But ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ King Winter in
his castle chill.
His threatened glaciers their defiance hiss
Through sharp ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___,
teeth of the white abyss.

A.S.

Last Month's Answer:
pacer, crape, caper

Literary Crypt No. 186

ANY A MAN WHO THINKS TO
YOUR O YOU CAN MATUVE MN
FOUNDA HOME DISCOVERS THAT
GNXUL O ANYI LTEZNBISE MAOM
HE HAS MERELY OPENED A TAVERN
AI AOE YISIPR NHIUIL O MOBISU
FOR HIS FRIENDS
GNS ATE GSTIULE.

NORMAN DOUGLAS
UNSYOU LNXQPOE

Solution to Literary Crypt No. 185:
To a newspaperman a human being is an item with the skin wrapped around it.
Fred Allen

Solution to Tunick Double-Crostic No. 8:
CECIL BEATON: HOW TO STARTLE
Be daring, be different, be impractical. Be anything that will assert integrity of purpose and imaginative vision against the play-it-safers. The creatures of the commonplace routines have their purposes, but the merely routine is the hidden enemy of high art.

Book jackets for *Choices*, *White Noise* and *The Flower and the Leaf* were provided by The Book Annex, Washington, D.C. Book jacket for *Equal Distance* was provided by The Trover Shop, Washington, D.C.

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TUNICK DOUBLE-CROSTIC #9

			1 T	2 S	3 A		4 Q	5 R		6 K	7 V	8 L		9 T	10 M	11 W	12 O	13 L	
14 R	15 G		16 K	17 H	18 N	19 V	20 S	21 M	22 F	23 B		24 D	25 K	26 V	27 W	28 F	29 L	30 I	31 T
32 H		33 C	34 U		35 M	36 J	37 V	38 R		39 G	40 H	41 C		42 D	43 E	44 A	45 V	46 U	47 O
	48 L	49 N	50 T		51 P	52 S		53 N	54 A	55 B	56 W	57 P	58 Q		59 M	60 V	61 G	62 U	
63 B	64 A	65 Q	66 K	67 T	68 V	69 F	70 W		71 E	72 R	73 O	74 M		75 F	76 E	77 H		78 J	79 D
80 Q		81 R	82 I	83 N	84 K	85 E	86 T	87 W	88 L	89 M		90 T	91 P		92 O	93 F	94 U	95 I	
96 S	97 Q	98 T	99 V		100 P	101 B		102 K	103 O	104 S	105 L		106 W	107 D	108 B		109 F	110 V	111 A
112 N	113 M	114 L	115 C		116 G	117 F		118 E	119 B	120 N		121 H	122 W	123 R	124 J		125 M	126 G	
127 H	128 K	129 I		130 Q	131 V	132 F	133 U	134 T	135 C		136 X	137 V		138 N	139 U	140 P		141 S	142 J
143 V	144 A	145 G	146 Q	147 I	148 M	149 T	150 C		151 K	152 W	153 F		154 O	155 S	156 D	157 K	158 Q	159 T	160 V
161 L	162 X		163 I	164 T		165 O	166 U		167 V	168 R	169 F	170 W	171 Q	172 T		173 V	174 D	175 N	
176 M	177 B	178 X	179 J		180 F	181 E	182 O	183 H		184 D		185 M	186 U	187 P	188 A	189 D	190 T	191 X	
192 R	193 I	194 J	195 L		196 K	197 G	198 V	199 R	200 S		201 J	202 W	203 E		204 S	205 A	206 B	207 N	208 L
	209 P	210 R		211 K	212 T	213 O	214 M	215 C		216 L	217 U		218 J	219 A	220 I	221 V	222 P	223 K	

Letters of the clue answers (below) spell a quotation when put in the numbered squares (above). Reading down, the first letters of the clue answers spell the name of the quotation's author and the title of the work.

CLUES

A. Musket's predecessor; hackbut

B. Bivalent hydrocarbon, radical CH_2CH_2

C. Budapest-born conductor Fritz (1888-1963)

D. Hullaballoo, hubbub

E. Qualify; name

F. Containing or constituting allusions

G. John Creasey sleuth (2 wds)

H. Supply, limberly

I. Coffee-making machine [Trattoria treat?]

J. How some Vals were grody (3 wds)

K. *What You Will*, alternatively (2 wds)

L. "Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the ---, subtile" (Bacon, *Essays*)

M. John Brown, e.g.

N. Notwithstanding (arch.)

O. Mogul emperor of India (1542-1605) (name and title)

P. Blessings

Q. *Prater Violet* author

R. Not prepared in advance (3 wds)

S. London borough; Connecticut town

T. Met's Darryl Strawberry in 1983, e.g. (4 wds)

U. Affirmation

V. Hopelessness ending in victory (2 wds)

W. Significant details

X. Abominable snowman

ANSWERS

64	44	144	188	205		3	219	54	111											
108	63	119	23	55	177	101	206													
215	41	33	150	115	135															
24	42	156	189	79	184	107	174													
203	85	71	181	118	76	43														
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77	17	127	40	183	121	32														
95	220	30	193	129	82	147	163													
78	194	201	36	124	179	218	142													
151	196	84	16	102	223	128	66	25	157	211	6									
48	88	105	161	8	195	29	208	216	114	13										
21	185	125	89	10	35	148	214	113	59	176	74									
175	49	18	138	112	53	120	83	207												
103	182	154	73	47	12	92	165	213												
51	57	187	100	91	209	222	140													
65	146	97	80	158	130	171	4	58												
14	5	192	38	72	81	199	168	210	123											
204	20	52	141	2	96	155	104	200												
9	212	149	67	90	190	1	164	86	31	134	50									
98	159	172																		
186	217	34	46	94	133	139	62	166												
143	7	26	173	221	60	137	198	37	99	45	19									
110	160	167	68	131																
202	122	27	170	56	87	70	152	106	11											
162	178	191	136																	

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A PICK OF Punch

SR *presents cartoons from the British humor weekly.*

"Sorry, He doesn't do toasters."

"Firework display. Okay, any other suggestions?"

"If anyone asks, you hit him in the forehead."

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There's a new line of thought that says
the most advanced sound should come from a simple source.
Our new digital audio compact disc player.
Incredible music. Incredibly easy.

Quasar

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Not any more. Today we spread our wings North to Canada. Westward to the Pacific. And Mexico. Down to the Caribbean. All the way to South America.
To over 125 cities in 23 countries—flying to more places in all the Americas than any other airline.
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